Cooking up a storm.

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Cooking up a storm.

by SkylarkLaw

Summary

Will Graham takes on the 'cursed job' of being the TV chef, Hannibal Lecters PA.

Notes

Just who wouldn't watch his cookery show?

Cooking up a storm

“Today's schedule is a short one. You have two recordings of your show this morning to get done, and then at six this evening you have a Charity auction to attend.” A messy looking man read from the diary he had in his hand.

“Ah, I’d forgotten all about that.” The other answered, making a disgruntled face. “If I hate anything more, it’s a room full of people competing with each other to look like the better person.”

“I could make excuses for your absence?”

“Not necessary, I’ve never missed a charity auction or function. Will you be coming with me Will?”

“Wouldn’t it be better to take a date of some kind? I’m hardly the best company.” Will Graham put the diary back into the bag on his shoulder and raised an eyebrow at the man. “Sorry to interrupt, but we’re ready for you, Hannibal.” A crew member said in a rushed manner before heading back toward the rest of the crew.

Waving a hand Hannibal shooed the makeup artist as she tried to add the finishing touches and got to his feet. “I’ll pick you up at half past five, no arguments.” Hannibal straightened out the gray shirt he was wearing before putting on his plain white apron. “Oh and wear something smart...” He looked over Will and walked over to the kitchen area to get ready for filming.

Frowning Will looked down at his clothes. He was wearing dark jeans, a plaid shirt and worn sneakers. He didn’t think there was anything wrong with the way he dressed. Still frowning a little he wandered over to where the rest of the now unwanted crew stood to watch the recording.

“AND....ACTION.”

Everyone hushed as Hannibal worked his culinary magic, talking through the people at home on how to make some kind of lamb dish. Will had never been much of a cook, he knew enough to live though. He also knew how to work the buttons on a microwave.

He watched them stop and start for a little longer before getting the iPad from his bag. As much as he could stand here and watch all day, he still had work to do. As Hannibal's PA he had to check his emails several times a day for potential TV appearances and invites to charity gigs. Everything had to go through him first.

“How’re you doing new boy?” Will looked up, welcomed by a cup of coffee in his face. Taking it he smiled a little. “Ok... Slowly getting used to all this.” Will took a swig of his coffee, grateful for the caffeine. All these early mornings and late nights were killing him.

Beverly Katz smiled widely back at him. “Well I’m glad to see you’ve survived the first few weeks, that’s a record.” Will grimaced slightly and looked up at Hannibal, who was talking to the camera. He’d heard so many rumors that the mans last two PA's had met misfortune, one dead and the other missing. He’d been the only one brave enough to take up this job.

‘Maybe I should just accept, not argue and just go tonight without any fuss...’ He thought to himself; feeling that that would be the best thing to do. “Hey Beverly... Do you mind helping me out later? I need a suit....” Will hated asking for things, but he had nothing for such elegant functions and Beverly was the one that handled all the outfits for Hannibals’ show here.

“Oh man... I’ve been wanting to get my hands on you since we first met.” Will gave her an odd look, unsure on how to interpret that. “I didn’t mean you you, I just meant your clothes.” She grinned. “Give me your address, I already know what you’ll be wearing.”

Will shuffled feeling a little worried now as he swapped numbers and wrote down his address for her, what had he gotten himself into?

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“I knew it! A perfect fit.” Beverly walked around him, straightening out his jacket properly and smoothing any creases. Will stood in front of his full length mirror, he felt weird; this was the first time in a long while he’d worn a suit.

Beverly had opted for a light gray suit, with a black shirt and black shoes. She’d decided against a tie after trimming his beard and taming his hair. “Please tell me you have contacts, the glasses are a no-go.”

He made a small noise of protest as she took them off, frowning a little as everything became blurry.

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Hannibal Lecter pulled up outside his new PA's house. It had pleased him greatly when young Will had agreed to go out with him tonight, and with no arguments. The last two had been demanding, rude. He hated rudeness more than anything else, couldn’t stand it.

Walking up the front steps he rang the bell, a small smile curving the corners of his mouth as he waited. The smile faltered, however, as Beverly Katz opened the door.

“Hey Mr. L, come in.” She stood to the side to let him pass. “Will is wrestling with a contact at the moment, he should be down in a minute.” She gave him a smile. He smiled back,

though his eyes didn't. "Oh? And what may you be here for, Miss Katz?"

She laughed a little as she packed some items that seemed to be hers, into a bag. "William needed my magic touch, though I think he kind of regretted it when I told him he had to comb his hair and put contacts in." Hannibal raised an eyebrow as he looked at her a little confused, only turning when he heard their topic of conversation coming down the stairs.

"It's Will not William, and I was fine putting the contacts in... after the fourth attempt." Hannibal was a little taken back at the drastic change in the man in front of him, he hadn't expected him to have made so much effort. "What'cha think? Doesn't he look like model?" Beverly said smiling again as she slung her bag over her shoulder. "Right I'm off, I have a job tonight. You can keep the suit Will."

Will saw her off before turning back to Hannibal. "Sorry, I'm running a little late. Let me just grab my phone and keys, then we can leave."

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Will hadn't realised the charity event was going to be such a big one. As soon as they'd arrived, the small group of paparazzi jumped all over them. Will ducked his head and tried to get through the herd, but Hannibal pulled him back, putting an arm around his shoulders.

"Smile, you won't want pictures of you in tomorrow's newspapers looking miserable." Gulping nervously, Will smiled a little. He felt like he'd been standing there for a long time before Hannibal allowed them to move on through and into the Hotel, where the auction was being held.

"I think I've gone blind." Will said once they'd entered the lobby of the hotel, blinking his eyes rapidly. He really wished he'd brought his glasses with him. "That was nothing." Hannibal smirked at him as they walked toward the large hall that had been rented for the auction.

Grabbing two glasses of champagne from a passing waiter, Hannibal handed one to Will. "Hannibal, you came!" Will turned as someone came up to them, looking as she exchanged greetings with Hannibal.

"Don't I always come Alana, I'm just too charitable not too." He smiled at her as she laughed a little. "Oh, excuse me." Hannibal said, placing a hand on Wills shoulder "Alana this is Will Graham, Will this is Dr. Alana Bloom. She's the one that organises all these charity events, she's very much a pure hearted angel."

Will smiled and shook her hand. "It's very nice to meet you, I've heard a lot about your charity work." Alana blushed a little and waved a hand. "I haven't done much at all, you two are flattering me too much."

“Would you excuse me please, I have a little hunting to do.” Hannibal said, patting Wills shoulder and walking off among the small chatting groups of people. Both stood silently for a second or two before Alana spoke up again.

“So are you a close friend of Hannibal? He hasn’t brought anyone with him for a while.” Shaking his head, Graham answered. “I’m just his PA, but he insisted I come with him tonight.”

“So you’re the one that took the cursed job!” Alana laughed a little. “Sorry, it’s just Hannibal came to me after his second manager went missing. He had convinced himself that he was cursed and that every manager he’d have was going to end up the same.” Will quirked an eyebrow and looked over to Hannibal, who was talking to someone who seemed rooted to the conversation while he, in typical fashion, seemed bemused.

“Well as I’ve been told, I’ve broken the record.” He looked away and back at Alana and smiled again. “If I last, I hope I get a reward for breaking the curse.” Both shared a little chuckle, Will glancing over to Hannibal again.

“Hm... I hope you don’t mind me saying, but I’ve noticed you don’t look people in the eyes when you talk.” Will’s smile dropped a little at the comment, no one had said anything about his tendencies to avoid eye contact for a while. He’d gotten better at talking to and being touched by people, but at one time in his life, things like that he avoided wholeheartedly.

“Sorry, maybe I shouldn’t of said anything! It’s a bad habit of mine. I’m a psychiatrist.”

“No, it’s fine.” He shook his head, smiling at her as reassurance. “You’re not the first psychiatrist to psychoanalyze me, and I doubt you’ll be the last. The gift I decided not to use is something people in your field of work rarely see.” Alana opened her mouth to speak, only to be interrupted, much to Wills relief.

“I’m sorry. Shall we find a table Will?” Hannibal smiled at his PA and steered him away from Alana. “Thank you for keeping him company.” He found an empty table at the back of the room, other were sure to join them but for now they were alone.

Lecter looked over the man seated next to him, who was obviously in his own world. “How do you know Dr. Bloom?” Will asked, startling Hannibal slightly.

“We used to work together. But I wasn’t getting any younger, and decided to work on my first love and open a restaurant. And now I’m here four years later, with six 5 star restaurants and my own TV show.”

Will didn’t say anything, just kept staring into space as he listened. He’d known all about Hannibal Lecter's rise to fame, but nothing about the man before. “Why do you ask?” Hannibal Lecter tilted his head slightly, studying the other man's face.

“I just remembered something from the past when talking to Dr. Bloom.” He shrugged a little. “I think I might of attended one of your lectures when I studied Criminal Psychology, before I dropped out that is.” Lecter narrowed his eyes slightly, many people had forgotten

that he was even a associated with that world. He had no need to be so cautious about this drop out though.

“Hm, and why did you drop out?” Even though he had no need to be cautious, he wanted to find out more. “I was different.” Will simply said and turned to the other man, smiling a little. “I don’t regret it, I’ve managed to keep my sanity because of my choice.”

The rest of the night, Hannibal thought about Wills’ words, his interest in the boy was increasing more and more. He’d also managed to bag himself a large black stag statue, and knew exactly where he was going to put it.

Tragedies and old faces.

Chapter Summary

Abigail comes to visit Will.

The knife swiftly and smoothly sliced the meat into equal sized chunks before being swept all into a pot as the board was lifted.

"I have it on good authority that this rabbit took its last breath this morning, fresh meat is quality meat." Hannibal peered at the camera with his maroon eyes and smirked a little before going on to chop a range of vegetables and add them to the pot.

Only just getting to the house, Will Graham quietly came in not wanting to disturb the filming. Closing the front door, he turned and jumped out of his skin as his eyes met with the black stag, that Hannibal had gotten from the Charity auction just two nights ago.

"Jesus christ." He whispered to himself, placing a hand over his heart and blowing air up into his face. Quickly going into the kitchen area he nodded in greeting to a few people, glancing at the filming as he crept over to stand with Beverly and Brian Zeller, one of the setup crew.

"Morning, oversleep?" Beverly whispered, giving him a small smile. "No... I left on time, but I got stuck in a jam. The police had blocked the road off, found a body or something." Will wiped the back of his hand over his forehead, he was sweating slightly from rushing.

"Wow, really? Did you get out and have a look?" Both Beverly and Brian looked at him expectantly, though it was soon replaced with disappointment. "No, that would be troublesome for the police... I did see a couple of FBI agents though."

He'd seen more than that. But telling them anything more would mean he'd have to explain his past. But he'd been surprised that when he got out of his car to see what was going on, he was recognised by one of the two FBI agents, even though five years had passed.

"Okay cut! That's it for today, thank you for your hard work." Will turned and walked over to Hannibal. "Sorry I'm late, there was a traffic jam, the police had blocked the road."

Lecter didn't answer straight away, he washed his hands and removed his apron; handing it to Beverly before turning to Will. "You have nothing to apologise for Will. You could not have foreseen the apparent jam you were stuck in."

Will opened his mouth to speak, but was cut off as his phone started to ring. Frowning he dug through his bag and answered it. "Hello? Abigail, has something happened, are you ok?" Will asked hurriedly, Abigail was a younger childhood friend. She'd been adopted by his neighbours when her parents were killed and he'd tried to look out for her since.

"Oh... You're in town? Yeah that's great." Hannibal looked over the PA's face as he rolled the sleeves of his shirt back down, noticing how much happier he looked. "Meeting sounds good, if you're free this evening I finish at five today. Just give me the name of the hotel you're staying at and I'll come pick you up."

A few minutes later he hung up, apologising once again. The two had finally got the work day started, Hannibal having driven them to a french café in town for an interview with the food columnist of a national paper.

He didn't really feel like answering questions, but it was part of his job, even though his mind was somewhere else. Will Graham's good mood wasn't putting him in a better one, it somewhat annoyed him that someone else had put that smile on his normally straight face.

He hated to admit to himself that he was jealous, but he was. He'd only just found someone that genuinely interested him, and they were already being pulled away. "Many Chef's have tried to recreate some of your dishes and have failed, do you have a secret ingredient you use?"

"If I let such a thing slip, my food wouldn't just be mine anymore now, would it?" He gave the interviewer a small smirk, still half in his own thoughts. Vaguely remembering young Will mention a new wine bar in town, he inwardly frowned; Claricé's maybe? Now should he accidentally bump into them, or simply hunt.

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"No arguments, I'm taking you home after this drink." Will frowned at the girl across the table as he took a swig from his glass of red wine. "And I'm telling you a taxi will be fine. I'm not the ten year old girl you used to look after now you know." Abigail gave him a smile, pushing her empty glass to the center of the table. "I'll be fine, really Will you worry too much."

Frowning, he shook his head, he wasn't taking no for an answer. His phone rang as he was about to say something, he felt like this happened to him too often. "Hello? Sorry I can't- Hang on a second." Looking at Abigail he pointed at her "stay..."

Taking his phone outside he spoke again. "Sorry about that. Cancelled? Oh that's fine, yeah sure. I'll let Hannibal know... You've done it? Thank you, that's much appreciated." Hanging up he sighed; the morning shoot had been cancelled and moved back to later in the day. A long overdue lay in was going to be happening in the morning, he thought to himself as he went back inside.

"Sorry about..." He looked around, Abigail had gone. Slightly panicking he started to look for her number in his phone until he saw a small note on the table next to his glass.

'Got a taxi, call you tomorrow!'

"Women..." He mumbled, giving a relieved sigh as he scrunched the note up, leaving it on the table and pulling his coat on.

Arriving at the afternoon filming Will couldn't help be feel a small smile take over his mouth. He'd woken up in a good mood, seeing an old face and sleeping in for an extra hour made all the difference.

Nodding to a crew member who was coming out of the front door as he got to it he smiled and greeted them. "Morning!" He was a little taken back though as they gave him a strange look and hurried off. Frowning he went in, noticing how a few more crew members avoided him.

Getting to the kitchen he finally realised why. "Will Graham, we meet again so soon." Special Agent Jack Crawford, head of behavioral sciences stood before him, another agent behind him. "Are you stalking me now?" Will asked, his frown getting deeper.

"No, I'm here about Abigail Hobbs." Will felt like his body had turned to ice, he didn't need Jack to tell him; he knew. "I'm afraid she was found the early hours of this morning," Jack sighed. "We need to take you in for questioning."

Graham didn't say anything, keeping his head down he took his planning diary from his bag and walked over to Hannibal, who had been standing to the side with the others. "Today's schedule is all written down, I'll try and get back as soon as I can." He allowed himself to look up at the man, meeting his eyes for a split second before being escorted off the premises.

"Am I under arrest?" Will sat in the uncomfortable plastic chair, up to the interviewing table. "No, not yet at least." Crawford answered, sitting opposite him. "We found your hair on Miss Hobbs clothing, luckily we had your DNA on record from your student days."

Jack paused at that, opening the file he had in front of him. "When was the last time you saw Abigail Hobbs?" Crawford looked up from the file he'd been looking through as he asked the question. Will looked back for a bit, keeping eye contact for as long as he could before looking away.

"Last night. She called me to say she was in town, so we went out for a drink at the new wine bar that opened last month." His hands fidgeted in his lap as he frowned at the table. "I told her I was going to give her a lift back to the hotel, since I'd picked her up, but she was adamant she would be fine getting a cab."

Jack listened, tapping his fingers onto the table before speaking again. "And that's the last time you saw her?"

"I suppose it was." He frowned more "I got a call, I couldn't hear the person on the other end so I went outside to talk. It was work. When I went back in she'd gone, and left me a note saying she'd caught a cab and that she'd call me tomorrow...today."

"Do you still have this note?" Crawford asked. Will shook his head. "No, I left it on the table." Jack lent forward, leaning his arms on the table and linking his hands. "Were you and Abigail involved in a romantic relationship with one another?"

Arching an eyebrow Will looked at him. "No, we were childhood friends."

"Would Abigail of maybe wandered off somewhere else after? Maybe to meet other friends?"

"As far as I know, I was the only one she knew here. I would have thought she'd go back to her hotel, but I don't know. It's been a couple of years since I've seen her in person."

"Any reason why it's been so long?" Crawford was digging for more information. Will couldn't see how any of this was relevant. He took his time before answering again. "Life got in the way, and I don't speak to my father anymore so I never go back to my hometown." He frowned at Jack before speaking again. "Shouldn't you be catching who actually did this rather than sit here and ask me these ridiculous questions?"

He rarely got irritated or angry, but he could feel it bubbling at the bottom of his stomach as he continued to frown at Jack. "I think I have everything I need to know from you now." Jack smiled a little and sat back in his chair. "I'm just waiting for your alibi to be confirmed."

Will sighed and took his glasses off, pinching the bridge of his nose as he calmed himself down, there was no need to get so angry. "So, Will. Is the everyday normal life everything you imagined?" Crawford asked, obviously meaning his dropping from college.

"Normal has been satisfactory." Will answered, placing his glasses back on his face. "You don't wonder 'what if?' I only met you twice while you were a student, but I knew even then the talent and potential you held, and still do. I was hoping to scout you into my department once you had graduated and gone through the academy."

Will kept his eyes on the table in front of him. He didn't want to hear this, or even think about it. "No, and I'd appreciate it if you didn't either." Both sat in silence for a long while, Will staring at the table and Jack staring at Will.

A knock at the door interrupted them, and a FBI agent walked in, handing Jack another folder. "Well Will, it looks like I have no reason to keep you here. I may have to speak to you again though." Will didn't wait for Agent Crawford to give him permission to leave, he immediately got to his feet and walked out of the room. If he stayed here any longer he felt he'd go crazy.

Reaching the front desk and waiting area he was welcomed by the sight of Hannibal Lecter, looking too elegant and graceful in his three piece suit for the dim, and damp local police station. "What are you doing here? Shouldn't you be somewhere else?" Will asked as he walked up to the waiting man.

"I cancelled my appointments for the rest of the day. I was more concerned about my friend's well-being." Hannibal looked at him and smiled. "Come, let us leave. I'll cook us something to eat and you can talk to me if you want to." Will was slightly shocked at the man's concern

for him. He nodded slightly, looking down and following Hannibal out to his shiny black range rover.

Nightmares and a good friend.

Chapter Summary

Will starts to break from grief, and Hannibal is there to keep him together.

Will got out of his car, his hair and appearance scruffier than usual. Grabbing his bag he locked the car behind him and trudged un-enthusiastically up the drive to Hannibal's house. "Excuse me, you're Will Graham aren't you."

Will stopped as a woman with red curly hair walked up to him, a small smile across her lips and what looked like a recorder in her hand. "And if I am?" He asked, looking her over with his heavy eyes from lack of sleep. "Freddie Lounds, I write the tattle crime section of the tattler. I was wondering if I could have a word or two with you."

Will frowned, he'd heard all about the infamous Miss Lounds, he wasn't about to let himself get pulled into her pretentious bullshit. "No, now if you could please remove yourself from this property." He turned away from her and briskly walked up the steps to the front door.

"Is it true you dropped out of university because you were unstable Mr. Graham? Should you really be working with the entertainment industry when you could turn any minute?" Lounds called after him. Ignoring her he went inside and closed the door quickly behind himself, he couldn't believe this. He'd only been pulled in for questioning and already he had a reporter on his back.

He stood there for a few seconds to calm himself slightly before heading through the house to the kitchen, where everyone was setting up. The atmosphere was awkward, he didn't like it but he chose to ignore it as he headed to his usual corner, placing his bag on the table there.

"You came today then?" Beverly placed a coffee down in front of him and perched herself on the table. "I'm not sick, there was no reason for me to miss work. I have bills to pay." He said, picking up the coffee and taking a sip. "Well firstly, you look terrible and secondly your childhood friend has just been killed." She frowned at him. "I would think that's enough to take compassionate leave for a week or two at least."

Will didn't answer her, he continued to sip his coffee and scan through today's schedule. He hoped to god the coffee would wake him up at least a little, he had a jam packed day. "You're blanking me out aren't you?" Bev looked at him unimpressed, and grabbed the planner out of his hands.

"I was concentrating on work." He made a grab for the planner but she moved it out of the way quickly. His reflexes were slow and clumsy today he noticed. "I hope you're not bullying

my PA Miss Katz." Hannibal's smooth voice came from behind her, his hand taking the planner from hers.

He placed the planner on the table and looked over Will, pursing his lips slightly. "Could you leave us a minute, please." He looked at Beverly, earning a nod from her before she got up and moved off somewhere else hastily. Will knew what was coming. Leaning against the table he drank from his coffee mug again, not looking at the other man; waiting for his lecture.

"I thought I told you not to come in today when I dropped you off at home last night, Will." Hannibal's shadow seemed to tower over Wills tired form as he stood there. "It's far too early for you to return after such a tragedy, and it's obvious to anyone that looks at you, how tired you are."

"I can't just sit at home." Will spoke before Hannibal said anymore, though he still avoided looking at him. "I feel like I'll go crazy if I sit at home on my own for too long. At least at work I can keep my mind on other things."

Hannibal stood in quiet for a second, thinking things over. "So be it...But if I think you can't cope, you're going home and staying home." Turning he started to walk away, halting to say "and I'm driving, I don't trust you behind the wheel."

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The alley seemed to stretch for miles, no matter how long he ran along it; stones and glass cutting his bare feet. Panting heavily he started to slow down, the cuts on his feet burning as if an acid was licking at them.

The shadows crept along the walls and swallowed him whole, the darkness gripping onto his arms, clawing at him. He could hear them whisper, a soft mumble in the back of his mind. And in a split second, it was all gone. He was standing alone, in the middle of a field. He could hear the sound of the ocean rolling over the sand, the sound of gulls squawking and the wind rolling over the soft grass.

It was idyllic, picturesque and a million miles from the nightmare that had encased him mere moments ago. Walking forward, he found himself breathing in the salty air and calming down. His heart stopped pounding and his eyes adjusted to the sudden light.

As he walked, he got a knot in his stomach through fear and worry. How had he come from the darkness to here? As he jogged up to the top of the hill, he realised he was still very much in the nightmare. The idyllic ocean was not that; it was a sea of blood and dismembered bodies. A hand here, a foot there, it rolled over the sand and onto the beach.

As he leaned over, he vomited, a cocktail of booze and blood, straight into the palm of his hands. He closed his eyes, praying that he could awaken from this nightmare, be away from

the pain, but as he opened his eyes blood began to seep through his hands.

With one vicious movement, he released the neck of the woman he was gripping on to. They were alone, she had cried. The mascara that had been so perfectly applied moments ago was now a running down her face. Her black dress that had been so carefully ironed for the night out in Clarice's was crumpled, filthy.

"Will…" she cried, "No…" With sheer horror, he realised he was squeezing the life out of his dear childhood friend, Abigail. As she fell to the floor, her breathing slowed and just as quickly ceased. When he looked up, they were no longer at the picturesque beach, they were surrounded by trees and a thick fog.

He could see car lights up ahead and stumbled towards them, hoping to catch their attention, hoping that they could save her. "Please stop…" he cried, "please…" The car didn't stop, the headlights blinding him as they grew closer. He gasped as the car was about to collide with him and awoke with a start. Panicking he jumped out of bed and looked around himself.

"It's home, you're home. It was just a nightmare, none of it was real." He panted to himself as he slowly started to calm down. Realising he was soaked with sweat he stripped himself of his clothing, and the bed sheets; throwing them all into the laundry hamper. Grabbing some clean boxers and a t-shirt he dressed and grabbed a couple of blankets, going down to the living room and making up a bed on the sofa, surrounded by half drunk and empty bottles of booze.

He didn't think he'd get anymore sleep that night, the nightmare was still fresh in his mind.

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"Morning." Will mumbled as he walked into work the next morning, he looked a lot worse than the previous day. He was so tired and oblivious he didn't notice some of the crew looking at him cautiously, and whispering to each other. "Will, should you really be here?" Brian stopped him, speaking in a low hushed tone.

"I had a lecture from two people yesterday, I don't need another." Will replied, dropping his bag onto the table in his corner. "It's not that…Have you not seen the paper?" Brian spoke again in that hushed tone, confusing Will.

"Paper? Which one?" Taking some pain killers from the pocket on his bag, he took a couple before putting the bottle back, turning to Brian. "I was afraid you hadn't…Hey Jimmy, gimme that paper." Brian called across the room, earning some concerned stares from people.

When it was handed to him, Will made a face of displeasure; the tattler wasn't his favourite paper. "Turn to the sixth page…" Brian said, standing next to him; watching. Complying, Will flicked through the pages until he landed on the sixth page. The page was titled "Tattlecrime" and underneath "People that the police let get away." He wasn't going to read it

at all, but he noticed the photograph of himself that had been taken without his knowing; standing completely still, he continued to read on.

He couldn't believe what he was reading, best ripper suspect they'd had yet, dropped out of uni because he was mentally unstable and he'd apparently confirmed this the other day? She'd even gone as far as to go into his childhood, mother dying when he was just a baby, his father bringing him up, the moving from town to town causing his anti-social behavior. Where the hell had she gotten all of this information?

Apparently this was all the makings of a serial killer. Lounds didn't know the first thing about serial killers, and knew nothing about him. "I've never read so much rubbish in my life, does Lounds really have nothing better to do with her life than write falsities and trashy rumors?" He spat out, trying not to let his anger reach his voice.

He wanted nothing but to kill her, how dare she delve into his life like that, how dare she think that she knew him. Before he knew it he was remembering the nightmare from last night, how he'd drained the life out of Abigail. Feeling a sudden rush of grief over him he started to rip the newspaper into pieces, a crazed and desperate attempt at erasing it.

"Will! Will Graham stop." He ignored the voice until his arms were grabbed, stilling his ripping frenzy. "I understand you're angry but don't do this here." Hannibal's low voice came from behind, his mouth near Wills' ear. "Come." Will allowed himself to be steered out of the room, finding himself in the elaborately decorated study of Hannibal Lecter.

"You look worse than you did yesterday. Your hair is unbrushed, you're wearing the same clothes you wore yesterday and the bags under your eyes make you look sick." Hannibal moved Will to sit in the desk chair.

"Are you concerned for me, or insulting my fashion sense?" Will grumbled out, he felt like a fool. The scene he'd just caused would surely come back and bite him in the arse. "Concerned of course, what kind of friend would I be if I wasn't?" Hannibal crouched down in front of him, looking up into Will's tired and worn face.

"Why don't you go up and use the spare room, I will personally rearrange my schedule for the next couple of days. I want you to rest."

"Are you telling me not to bother coming into work? Am I that much of a hindrance?" He knew he was overreacting just a little, but he also knew what he should be doing; he didn't need to be told by anyone else. "No Will, I am telling you that you need time off to grieve." Hannibal calmly answered, placing a hand on Wills knee as if to reassure him.

"Now I insist you go up to one of the spare rooms and sleep for me." Will didn't particularly want to, he'd rather work; but he had a feeling he couldn't win this argument. Nodding in agreement he sighed slightly, Hannibal smiling and giving his knee a squeeze before standing again and straightening out his clothes.

Will had reluctantly made his way up the stairs, but found both spare bedrooms had been used as storage by the crew. Frowning and sighing he placed a hand on the doorknob of what he knew to be Hannibal's room. 'Would it be rude to use his room?' He asked himself as he

turned the handle and opened the door, staying stood in the doorway he looked around the room.

He wasn't as surprised as he thought he would be at the grand decor, he was slightly taken aback however, by the king sized four poster bed; it was most certainly the main feature of the room. On one side of the room were built-in double wardrobes and a door to an en-suite, Hannibal's bath robe hung casually on the door. The floor, he noted, was a dark solid wood, it matched the mahogany bed, and at the foot of the bed a large faux fur rug spread out; separating the colours.

Either side of the bed were side tables, both made from wood fitting with both the bed and floor. Lamps stood on both side tables, Tiffany he guessed, the green and gold colours of the lamps matching the green and gold patterned wall paper that adorned the one wall behind the bed; the other walls were just a green paint.

Running a hand over his face he walked into the room, he was too tired. He didn't care if he slept in someone else's bed. Besides, Hannibal was the one that insisted he rested. Closing the door behind himself he looked at the bed. Noticing a small pile of books neatly stacked on one of the side tables, he guessed that was the side Lecter slept on and took the opposite side.

Taking his shoes and coat off, he placed them on, and next to, an armchair that stood in the corner. He hadn't noticed it when he was in the doorway. He decided to sleep on top of the covers, not wanting to actually get in the bed.

The moment his head hit the pillow his body relaxed, it was amazing how good silk bed linen and a mattress as soft as a cloud could feel. Within moments of laying down and getting comfy, sleep won and took over.
When Will woke, it was already dark out. Fumbling for his glasses on the side cabinet he put them on and sat up, noticing he'd had the covers pulled over him.

Putting his shoes on and grabbing his coat and bag he headed downstairs, the smell of food cooking, hitting him as he descended. Leaving his coat and bag on the hooks near the front door, he made his way to the kitchen. The house seemed so empty and quiet without the TV crew around, so much less cluttered and oppressive.

The soothing sound of soft sounding classical music pulled him from his thoughts as he reached the kitchen door, his eyes immediately locking onto the back of Hannibal as he cut something. He'd never seen Hannibal cook in his own time and comfort before, the way he was working in this environment looked so much more like an art form than it did when he cooked for television.

"I hope you're feeling much better after your sleep, Will." Hannibal suddenly spoke. Will jumped slightly in surprise "do you have eyes in the back of your head?" He asked, raising a brow and walking into the kitchen. Hannibal turned and smiled a little "the fragrance you're wearing, it has a very…..unique smell."

Will frowned a little and sat on one of the breakfast bar stools, rolling his shoulders slightly as he resisted the urge to sniff at the collar of his shirt. "I keep getting it for Christmas… And

in answer to your earlier question, I feel a lot better now, thank you." He managed a slight smile.

"Good, I decided against waking you and prepared dinner instead." Hannibal turned back to his chopping. "You allowed me to sleep in your bed, I don't expect you to cook for me as well." Will shook his head, though he did admit that whatever was in the oven smelt mouth watering good.

"You refused to eat with me yesterday, I would like you to grace me with your presence at least once. I enjoy cooking for others." Will sighed a little, giving in. "Ok ok, I'll stay for dinner." He was glad to see Will a little more lively, his lack of sleep and frantic episode earlier that day had worried him greatly.

Hannibal eyed Will as they ate opposite each other, it gave him great pleasure to watch as the younger male ate the person he'd been so very down about these past two days. Drinking from his wine glass, he smiled a little; everything was slotting into it's place. "Are you sure you won't have any wine?" Hannibal asked, placing his own wine glass back down.

"I'm sure, I need to drive home and I don't want to get stopped by the police… I've had enough of them for a while." Will made a face, obviously remembering his interview with Jack Crawford. Hannibal sat back in his chair, Will getting arrested hadn't been in his plans. He'd thought the FBI had come for himself at first, he had been ready to make his escape.

"I said you were welcome to stay a couple of nights, Will." Hannibal smiled once again "you did mention you'd seen someone sneaking around your house, am I right?" Will didn't answer straight away, his brows instead bent into a frown. "I did mention that, but I'm perfectly capable of looking after myself, Hannibal. Besides, I'm pretty sure it's just that woman… She wrote that article about me, she's most probably been stalking my home as well."

Hannibal pursed his lips a little, a slight bitter taste had taken over his mouth as he remembered the article. As much as he was interested in Will, and wanted to keep him away from others; he hated it when other people were credited for his work. "She'll lose interest soon enough. She writes about criminals, and you are not a criminal Will." Hannibal stood, picking up both of the empty plates.

"Shall we discuss this further, over coffee in the living room? Just go through and wait for me, I shall bring us a cup." Will checked his watch, it was 8:30 already but he decided against turning the coffee down and went through to the living room. He'd only been in here once before, but like the rest of the house he felt like he didn't belong; the decor was so very grand.

Seating himself on the brown leather sofa he looked around, a small frown forming on his face as he noticed the lack of photographs. The only pictures that adorned the room were drawings and paintings, including a large portrait of a girl above the fireplace. "Sorry to keep you waiting." Hannibal jerked Will out of his thoughts as he came into the room, placing a tray onto the small mahogany coffee table; two cups of coffee, each with a sprig of lavender sat in it.

Reading Wills unsure face Hannibal chuckled softly and sat next to him. "It is lavender coffee, I made it myself; I find it soothing after a long day." Picking up a cup, he gave it to

Will before taking his own and sliding back into his seat. Both sat in silence, casually sipping at their coffee; Will continuing to look around the room.

"I hope you don't mind me saying… But I noticed you don't have any photographs in your living room, well, the whole house actually." Will finally spoke up, turning to look at Hannibal. Hannibal didn't look back at him, just sat with his legs crossed and a straight, unreadable face.

"I do not have any, most were lost over the years or ended up destroyed one way or another." Will found that odd but didn't ask anymore questions on the matter, he instead tried to change the subject. "Did you paint these pictures?"

Hannibal flicked his eyes around the room, looking at the paintings. "All but one" he answered, pointing out a landscape he hadn't painted. "You really are a man of many talents, I particularly like that one." He pointed at the portrait of the girl, her eyes reminded him of someone but he couldn't put his thumb on it.

"Should I make up a spare room for you? I think at least one of them is empty now." Hannibal turned to look at Will, smiling slightly. Will was a little thrown by the sudden change in topic. "… Wait, I said I was going home Hannibal."

"And I insist on you staying for at least a couple of nights, it will settle my worries about you." Both of them looked at each other, Will allowing their eyes to meet, he felt like he was being sucked into them.

"Fine… Just two nights, no more than that." Will pulled his eyes away, letting them settle on the painting again. 'Ah… They're Hannibal's eyes.' He thought to himself as he stared at it.

"Good, I shall get the guest room ready for you and in the morning we will go to yours together and pack the necessaries. If you like, I can lend you a pair of my pajamas." Hannibal stood, placing his cup back on the tray. "No, thank you. I'll be fine, I don't wear much in bed...I find it uncomfortable." Will felt a little awkward telling Hannibal this, but they were both men, it was fine.

Hannibal looked Will up and down, smirking a little. "Very well, I will give you an extra blanket; wouldn't want you catching a cold." Both headed upstairs, Hannibal showing Will to the room opposite his own. Despite being full with filming equipment and stuff earlier that day, the room was still tidy; spotless compared to his own bedroom.

Grabbing a spare blanket from the airing cupboard Hannibal gave it to Will. "Is there anything else you need?"

"I think I have everything, thank you." Will stood, blanket in arms, smiling.

"Then good night, Will. You know where I am if you need me." Hannibal returned the smile before backing out of the room and closing the door.

Shadow agent.

Chapter Summary

Will stays with Hannibal and Jack asks for help.

Will awoke, it was obviously still night, his room was pitch black. Frowning he rolled over onto his side, he didn't know what had awakened him so suddenly; he was just glad it wasn't another of his nightmares. Settling back down, his head twitched slightly as he heard the creak of a floorboard from outside his door.

He laid still as he listened, the sound of hushed voices and then the sound of Hannibal's door opening before a crash of something breaking. Sitting up quickly, he got out of bed and walked carefully over to his own door; his breathing heavy and hands shaking.

Pressing an ear to the door he listened again, still hearing a scuffle in Hannibal's room he quickly opened his door, just in time to see his friend get stabbed several times in the stomach.

Breath catching in his throat he ran toward, and down the stairs, heading straight to the kitchen where he grabbed one of Hannibal's knives. What he was doing he didn't know, surely getting out of the house would have been the better idea. The heat of the moment urged him to grip the knife tightly, his knuckles white from his grip.

Holding the knife up in front of him he stood behind the kitchen island, keeping it between himself and the door as he heard one of the two people approaching it. "Will….?" Will frowned at the darkened silhouette of the person, all he could see was a male figure standing in the doorway. "Will, It's me, Hannibal."

He shook his head, not believing a word the person was saying to him. He'd just seen them kill Hannibal, this was not him. Feeling a hand on his shoulder, he spun round quickly; thrusting the knife into the person's chest, to the hilt. His breathing got heavier as he looked up slowly into their face, a small sound of despair coming from his own mouth as he backed away, leaving the knife buried in his chest, his own chest.

Suddenly the lights came on, blinding him completely. Opening his eyes he squinted around himself, and noticed he was sitting on one of the breakfast bar stools; running a hand over his face, he felt confused. "Will, are you okay?"

Drooping his head to the side he noticed Hannibal bent over, studying him. "You're alive…." He said, feeling himself smile a little. "That's good." Hannibal raised an eyebrow and placed a hand on the younger males forehead. "You don't seem to have a fever, are you aware you were sleepwalking ?"

Will ran a hand over his face again as he started to shake off his delusional state, things were slotting into place now. "I haven't slept walked for years… Not since I was a teenager. I guess it comes with the nightmares."

Hannibal straightened, a small look of concern on his face. "Nightmares? You never mentioned any nightmares before, Will."

"I don't need to tell you everything…I haven't even known you that long." Will grumbled. "But we know each other enough to rely on one another no?" Hannibal said, placing a hand on Wills shoulder, giving it a squeeze. Will didn't shrug it off, he knew Hannibal was right; he was just acting like a stubborn child. Maybe speaking to someone and relying on them could help him get through this.

"Come, let us go back to bed, it is only three in the morning." Nodding Will got to his feet, giving the kitchen a quick sweep with his eyes as he remembered over and over the night terror he'd just gone through.

Once they'd finally gotten back up the stairs, Will a little wobbly on his feet, Hannibal grabbed his arm and pulled him toward his own room. "I think you should sleep the rest of the night with me."

Will blinked a couple of times, letting the suggestion sink in. "It's fine...There's no need to go that far. I don't want to disturb you in your own space." Hannibal raised a brow slightly, he knew the other would feel awkward sharing a bed, but he was more concerned about the younger man wandering off again. He didn't want him going into certain places.

"I insist. I am a light sleeper, Will and you won't be wandering off or hurting yourself if I'm here. A person close to you may help with these night terrors." He pulled the brunette into the bedroom without much effort. Will stood frowning in the dimly lit room as Hannibal closed the door behind him. "I really don't think company will cure my problems."

Ignoring that comment, Hannibal removed his dressing gown and hung it back on the en-suite door, revealing his black silk pajamas, with gold piped trim. Frowning more, Will ran a hand through his hair in defeat; he wasn't going to win this war against Dr. Hannibal Lecter.

Watching as Hannibal sat on the bed, Will followed and did the same, pulling back the covers and slipping under them. "That wasn't so hard now, was it?" Hannibal turned his side lamp off, plunging the room into darkness.

He turned onto his side, his back to the other male. Curling up slightly as he felt Hannibal getting into bed; He hadn't shared a bed with anyone for a couple of years, much less another man.

"Goodnight Will."

"G'night….."

*

He'd slept a hundred times better after moving into Hannibals bed that night, even though it had made him feel extremely awkward.

In the morning he'd awoken to the smell of cooking, and came down to a serving of bacon, eggs and toast. After, Hannibal drove them to Will's place where he packed clothes and all the necessaries he needed for the rest of the week. He felt that Hannibal was doing far too much for him, he hated being such a burden; not that the other man had ever mentioned him being such a thing.

Frowning he closed the book he'd been trying to read and placed it on the desk. He'd closed himself in Hannibal's study while the man filmed the last of his TV cooking show; he didn't feel like showing his face to the crew just yet. Spinning in the swivel office chair for a few seconds he finally sighed and got to his feet, he was bored and his hands were aching to do something.

Opening the door a crack he peeked out, hearing the chatter of people he closed it again. He wasn't going to risk coming out of the room, only to get caught in an awkward conversation with someone. Sighing heavily and frowning, Will plonked himself back into the desk chair, spinning round in it once again.

He'd love to go fishing, or volunteer at the local dog shelter again, anything but sit here. Hearing a knock at the door he stopped spinning abruptly, almost tipping the chair over with him in it. "...Come in." Will hesitantly called out

He braced himself as the door opened, a face he didn't particularly want to see, entering. "Hello Will." Jack Crawford said as he entered the room, closing the door behind himself. "Here, I was told to bring this in with me." He held out a cup of coffee. Will took it, a small smile on his lips; At least he knew Bev was still looking out for him.

"I read the Tattler yesterday. I'm sorry, it couldn't have been easy seeing that." Jack said as he stood, looking down at Will. "I've had worse said about me. It was just a shock, having my private life aired to my work colleagues and friends. I may have overreacted slightly though, and now I'm shut in here thinking over my actions." Will said as he sipped the coffee, grateful for the warm liquid running through his body.

"Dr. Lecter said you're staying here for a short while. It's not a bad idea, what with Lounds snooping around, and possibly the Ripper." Will frowned slightly, glancing up at Crawford. "What has the Ripper got to do with this?"

Crawford grabbed a spare chair from the corner and sat facing Will, a serious look on his face. "You and I both know a serial killer is proud of their work, to have the glory and limelight taken by someone else...Well, it wouldn't make them happy one bit."

"So you're saying you think the Ripper is going to come after me?" Will scoffed, raising his eyebrows as an amused smile turned his lips. "I think that's highly unlikely Agent Crawford."

"We both know you're not stupid, you've already thought about this haven't you?" Jack smiled slightly, sitting forward in his seat. Just the thought of seeing the young prodigy shine again excited him a little. "It crossed my mind...I've seen the news reports, even if the information is sparse anyone can tell his victims are random, I could hardly find any similarities between them." He pursed his lips as he remembered the nightmares he had been having, about his own 'victims.'

Jack continued to smile as he opened the bag he had with him, pulling out several folders. "I could get in to trouble for this." Crawford said as he held out the files.

Staring at them for a minute, Will grit his teeth before taking them. He could guess what they contained before even opening them. Abigail Hobbs was printed on the top folder. Taking a deep breath he slowly opened it, welcomed by pictures of her body, the scene and reports of what was found on and around her.

Graham felt his stomach lurch but held back the feeling of nausea as he looked over the pictures. "Her kidneys, lungs and heart were taken…Trophies maybe." He mumbled to himself, running his finger over one of the cuts. "Straight and clean, surgical cuts."

Frowning he looked up at Jack Crawford. "I don't understand why you've given me this, I can't see anything that probably hasn't already been written in the report."

"We came up with the same answers. There must be more to it though, I just can't see it myself."

"And that's why you've given me these?" Will closed the folder and put it onto the pile with the other two. "I can't help you… I'm not trained for this, and this is illegal. I'm pretty sure you can't just give FBI files to anyone you like."

"Ah, but you're not just anyone. Keep them for now… Look over them, even if you can't see anything, I want to hear what you've got to say." Jack stood, pulling a card out of his coat pocket. "Ring me on this number if you come up with anything, I'll be in contact either way." Placing the card on the folder pile he picked his bag up and left without another word.

Will was starting to regret his desire of something to do.

*

"Will, did you hear me? Are you sure you're ok?" Hannibal placed his knife and fork down, looking at Will in a concerned manner. "Huh? Oh sorry, I was thinking." He had found himself drifting off into his own world since his earlier chat with Jack.

Frowning a little Hannibal picked his knife and fork back up and continued eating. "Do you not like kidney, Will?"

"Oh no, I do…" Will looked down at his plate and realised he hadn't touched his food at all. "I'm sorry, I'm not often like this." Will started to eat, making sure to keep his focus in the real world. "What were you saying again?" Will asked.

Not answering for a minute or two, Hannibal looked the man opposite him, up and down. "I asked if you would like to come to a party with me tomorrow night."

"Party? Another charity thing?" Will made a face at the thought. "No, Dr. Alana Bloom has invited the both of us to her birthday party. It's a formal gathering of course." Dropping his knife and fork, Will stood suddenly. "Kidney…Sorry Hannibal, one second, I need to make an important call."

Lecter was taken aback at the sudden burst of energy that had hit Will. Getting frustrated he followed Will to the back door, standing just out of view as he listened to the brunettes conversation outside. "Jack? It's Will. I don't think he's keeping the body parts as trophies, I think he's eating them…."

Hannibal had heard enough, going back to the dining table he started to clear away the half eaten food, the corner of his mouth twitching as he tried to decide whether he was angry or amused. His entertainment, the 'treasure' he had found, had been stolen.

Taking the plates to the kitchen he started to scrape the wasted contents into the bin. Getting slightly more irritated at wasted food, he started to frown. "Sorry about that, Hannibal." Will called as he came back in the back door, not realising Hannibal was already in the kitchen.

Not looking up at the other male, Lecter continued to clean of the plates and place them into the dishwasher. "You didn't need to clear this all away, I would still have eaten it…" Will said as he stood, watching the man; feeling so terribly guilty. He had been very rude, and to the man that had been looking after him no less.

Finally straightening up and closing the dishwasher, Hannibal turned and smiled ever so slightly at Will. "I can't serve cold food to my guests." Liking the guilty look on the younger males face, he continued on. "Though I would very much like to hear what is bothering you, perhaps tea in the lounge and a chat is in need?"

Will didn't feel like he should tell anyone that he'd been given FBI files, but he also felt like he could trust Hannibal entirely. "Sure. That sounds good."

"I see...That is indeed a very reckless move on Jacks part." Hannibal said as he placed his cup on to the coffee table. "And to ask such a thing of you, when he knows the grief you're currently going through."

" I know… But I want him caught. Have you ever wanted something so much, that you would do anything to get it?" Hannibal didn't answer straight away, he sat back on the sofa, legs crossed; as he thought about that. "In a way, but at the same time no." He'd always gotten what he'd wanted, be it killing someone or whatever else for it. But he couldn't say he'd ever fought so hard to get that something.

Both sat quietly for a while; Will frowning slightly down at his knees. Jigging his foot a few times, Hannibal uncrossed his legs and got to his feet. "It's your decision, and I'll be here for as long as you want me." Picking up the empty cups he walked out of the living room, hearing Wills clothes ruffle as he followed.

"Why do you do so much for me? I can't help but feel I'm in your way, or taking up your personal space." Hannibal washed the cups in the sink, letting a slight smile grace his lips; Will was speaking a lot more than he usually did, tonight.

"That is what friends do, no? I wouldn't be much of a friend if I sat back and watched you suffer alone, Will. And as for my personal space, this house is big enough for the both of us. I like having guests." Though he admitted to himself, it was harder to hunt with Will around.

Will couldn't argue with that, he instead stood there watching Hannibal wash the cups; frowning once again. "Oh, I've hired Miss Katz for the day tomorrow. She'll be taking you shopping." Hannibal said as he dried the cups and turned to face Will, the smile still on his lips.

"Me? What for?" The brunettes eyebrow raised as he looked back at Hannibal. "Clothes of course, why else would I ask Miss Katz?" Hannibal was amused at the stupid question, and the others reaction. "And maybe a haircut, your mane is growing a little too out of control."

"I'm sorry, are you criticising my hair?" Will looked a little offended. "We can't all have perfect hair and clothes like you." He said sharply.

"I didn't mean to offend you, Will." A glint of obvious amusement shone in his eyes. "If you feel so strongly against getting your haircut, I wouldn't mind giving you a trim myself." His hand casually rose to run his fingers over the knife block on the kitchen island. Will couldn't hold back the slight smile, shaking his head. "Fine, I'll get a trim...Because I'd rather not be bald."

"Good. Now shall we both get an early night?" Hannibal said as he started to walk out of the kitchen, making sure Will was following before turning the light off.

Shattering.

Chapter Summary

Will and Alana get friendly.

The throbbing of a migraine made him clench his eyes shut, as he let the so called 'hair dresser', pull his head around and snip at his hair with her scissors. "I kind of liked the over-grown wild look on you, ya know," Bev said as she spun round in the seat next to him. "I'd rather get it trimmed, than have Hannibal looking at me with that displeased look of his." Will said, not bothering to open his eyes.

"I can't say I've ever seen that look… I haven't seen many expressions on that mans face at all, now I come to think of it. I just dress the guy, not that he needs help in the fashion department."

"It must just be me that displeases him." Frowning slightly, Will let the woman brush the hair off his shoulders and from around his neck, before removing the cape that protected his clothes. Opening his eyes, he squinted as the light hurt his head more. "Where to next?" Will asked as he stood, only half looking at himself in the mirror, he didn't see any problems with his hair.

"We need to get you a new suit." Beverly said as she paid for the hair cut. "What's wrong with the one you gave me before?"

"You've already worn it to a party! A lot of the people that you met at that will most likely be at this too. Can't wear the same outfit." Will rolled his eyes slightly, and begrudgingly followed Beverly out of the shop and down the street. If he had it his own way, he'd happily wear his jeans and sneakers.

The first shop they went into Beverly didn't like a single thing, and dragged him to another 4 before she found anything at all. "Hmm… I don't want to make you feel uncomfortable." She said as she grabbed a number of jackets, shirts and trousers.

Will was exhausted when she finally decided on a suit for him. They'd both agreed on a navy blue three piece, with a white shirt and a pair of black shoes. Worst of all, he had to wear a tie. Will didn't know how to stand or hold himself as he looked into the mirror; he wasn't used to wearing this kind of clothing.

Bev had placed a white handkerchief in the jacket pocket and styled his hair into an odd swept to the side look. He'd been forced to wear contacts again also, it had only taken him

two attempts to get them in this time round though.

Sighing he grabbed a pot of pain killers and took a couple before putting the pot into his pocket. Taking a deep breath Will left the shelter of his room. Hannibal was pulling on his coat when Will reached the bottom of the staircase, and had left Wills hanging on the bannister for him. "It is still very shocking to see you in such clothes, I don't think I shall ever get used to it." Hannibal said as he looked Will over.

He didn't reply straight away as he pulled his coat on, and wrapped a scarf around his neck. "Probably because I won't give you enough time to get used to it...I'll be back to normal tomorrow." Hannibal just smiled, as much as he'd prefer Will in these clothes; he had already grown accustomed to Will in his regular clothing.

"Shall we.." Hannibal said, opening the front door, allowing the other man to step out first.

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Will shoved his hands into his pockets as he followed Hannibal up the drive and to the front door of Alana Blooms house. Ringing the bell, they stood there for a minute until the door was opened. "Hannibal, you made it." Alana said, reaching up to give him a peck on the cheek in greeting. "And Will, I'm glad you came." She gave him a grin before leaning in and also pecking his cheek.

Will felt a little odd being greeted in a such a way from a woman he'd only met once before, but he knew she meant well; and he liked the smell of her perfume. "Can I take your coats?" She asked, the two men removed them and passed them to her to hang up.

"Excuse me for a minute." Hannibal said as someone who had emerged from a room rose their hand in greeting to him, and headed over to them. "Would you like a drink Will?" Alana asked, standing next to him, still smiling. "...A whiskey would be nice." He allowed himself to smile back slightly, and followed her through to the kitchen.

"I hope you don't feel too uncomfortable, I heard from Hannibal that you're not used to these kind of gatherings." She poured him his drink and handed it to him. "Let me share a little secret with you." She lent in and whispered slightly "I'd prefer to sit in front of the TV with a take out pizza."

Will couldn't help but laugh slightly, watching as Alana moved back and lent against the kitchen counter. He hadn't noticed before, but Alana Bloom was an attractive woman. The knee length dress that she wore, framed her curvaceous body perfectly; and in all the right places. Her smile, eyes and aura gave one a feeling of happiness and hope. He wondered what shade of red her blood ran.

Clearing his throat a little he looked away and took a large gulp from his glass. He was going to need a few of these to rid his mind of such thoughts. Damn Jack and those folders. "Would

you like me to introduce you to some of my guests?" Alana asked, straightening herself and topping up her glass.

"I don't know if that would be wise… I've been trying to keep a low profile since a certain article…" Will frowned and downed the rest of his glass. "I'm sure everyone's forgotten that by now." She tilted her head and looked at him for a second before taking his glass and refilling it.

"And if they do mention it, just smile and compliment them on something. I don't think anyone here could resist such a handsome face." She smiled at him, holding out the glass to him. Their fingers brushing as he took it back.

*

Hannibal's hands clenched and un-clenched on the wheel as he drove them home. Will had been quiet since he had gotten into the car, and it was agitating him quite a bit. "Would you like me to come back to your apartment with you, tomorrow?" He asked the quiet male, hoping it would break the silence. "Hm...Might be a good idea." Was all he replied with, keeping his head turned away from Hannibal, looking out of the passenger window in a kind of daze.

Hannibal pursed his lips, tightening his hands on the wheel once again, digging his nails into it slightly. He willed himself to calm, wanting nothing more than to throttle the brunette next to him. When home, they hung their coats up, Will still in his daze.

"I think I'll turn in… Goodnight." Will managed a small smile in the others direction, before turning and rushing upstairs. He hated this feeling. The feeling of one's sanity slipping away, slowly. Taking the painkillers out of his pocket he swallowed a couple and placed the pot on the side table.

Stripping out of the suit he threw it into a pile on the floor and slipped into bed and under the covers, trying to calm and clear his mind. Hannibal took Wills funny turn as a chance to calm his inner rage, and stock his freezer. Grabbing his coat, he left the house quietly and jumped back into the car.

Night time was the best time to hunt.

*

Will awoke suddenly. Sitting up, panting; his eyes wide before relaxing them and squinting into the dark. Calming himself he stretched out his hand for his painkillers, his fumbling

fingers knocking the pot onto the floor. Swearing, he got out of bed and turned the light on, blinded for a minute from the brightness.

Adjusting his eyes, Will got down on his hands and knees, patting a hand under the bed to find the pot. Pulling his hand back, it was grabbed; trying to pull him under the bed and into the dark. Panicking, Will pulled his hand away, falling back. Looking up, he started to scramble back toward the door. His eyes widening as shadows stretched and melted out from under the bed.

Standing he opened the door, quickly slipping out into the hall before closing the door behind him. Unsure which way to go, he rushed down the hall into the bathroom, closing and locking the door behind him. The brunette stood looking at the door for a minute or two, before turning away; running some water and washing his face.

Looking into the mirror, his breath caught in his throat. The door behind him was leaking, being engulfed by shadowy wisps. "Just… Leave me alone." He said, turning to look at the door, finding nothing there. Looking back at the mirror, the shadows were getting more and more intense. Like flames burning through the door.

His hands shook slightly, running one over his face his breathing became a little erratic. Without hesitation he punched the mirror, shattering it into pieces, the shards falling to the floor. Hissing, he pulled his hand back sharply, some small shards of glass were sticking from it.

He swore loudly, stepping back, away from the glass on the bathroom floor. "Will? Will are you ok?" An urgent knocking came from the door behind him, shaking the pain off he turned and unlocked the door; opening it.

Hannibal was welcomed by an unpleasant sight. Will had evidently been sweating profusely, his t-shirt soaked through and clinging to his body. The brunettes eyes had slight circles under them, and he was as white as a sheet. "What happened, Will. Are you ok?" Hannibal asked, looking the younger male over; his eyes slowly wandering to the bathroom behind Will.

"Sorry… I'll pay for the mirror." Will said, lifting his hand and cupping his elbow, trying to prevent blood from dripping onto the floor. Hannibal frowned seeing the wound and took Wills hand into his own.

"We'll worry about the mirror later. Let's worry about this wound of yours first. Come…" Hannibal nodded his head in the direction of his room, and lead the way. Going through the room and into his adjacent bathroom.

Will followed, seating himself on the edge of the bath. Still cupping his elbow as he watched the other man take a first aid kit from his bathroom cabinet. "I think we'll remove those shards and then you can get out of those wet clothes and shower before I disinfect your wound." Hannibal said and crouched down in front of Will, a pair of tweezers in hand and some tissue to place the glass on.

Will nodded, bracing himself as Hannibal started to pull the glass from his hand. The wound looked bad to him, but the older male didn't look so concerned. "Would you like to talk about what happened?" Hannibal spoke up, continuing to carefully remove the small glass shards.

Hesitantly, the brunette answered; a small frown on his face. "It's nothing, just my own imagination taunting me." He scoffed slightly and ran his free hand over his face. "I don't think it likes that I kept it in confinement for so long. I suppressed it and now it's biting away at me, piece by piece."

Hannibal said nothing as he finished up. Wrapping the glass in the tissue and washing his hands at the sink. He wanted to know what was haunting the other male, his words sending a small jolt of excitement through the older mans body. Smiling slightly he turned around and looked at Will. "The imagination can be a fearsome thing, but it's yours and only you can fight it back." He placed a hand on Wills' shoulder, sliding his fingers up and across his neck. "Or, you can use that imagination to your advantage and do wonderful things in life."

For a moment Will just sat there, his eyes and mind racing, trying to make sense of what was just said. "Nothing 'wonderful' could possibly come from this imagination of mine." He finally replied, frowning yet again as he looked down at his hand. The place Hannibal had touched burning slightly.

"We'll see." The older man answered, his tone ending the conversation there. "Now" he said, carefully picking the tissue up. "Shower and cool yourself down, I'll be back to disinfect and wrap your hand after I clean up the glass from the bathroom floor."

Will watched as the older man walked out of the bathroom, closing the door behind him. He didn't move for a minute or two, his brows furrowed, the words the other had said still confusing him slightly. Shaking his head he stood and started to run the bath, his hand was still throbbing but his mind was clearer now. He wasn't going to let his imagination get the best of him, he didn't want to go down that dark path again.

Creeper

Chapter Summary

Will attracts a stalker, and is presented with a gift.

With his head down, Will was lead along a path and into a house. The neighbourhood was a quiet suburbia and the crime rate was low. With that in mind, Will eyed the body he was presented with. The woman was in her mid forties, well groomed and sporting a gaping wound in her lower abdomen and chest. She was sat at the kitchen table, bent over with her face pressed against the table top. Two untouched cups of tea and some biscuits on a plate beside her.

"Why did you bring me here, Jack." Will said, not taking his eyes from the body. As he studied the manner and way, in which she'd been left. "I need your eyes, your imagination. Giving you files to study only helps to a certain point."

"I'm not FBI, neither am I qualified nor probably even permitted to be here. Find someone else to do this, before you lose your job." Will frowned, pulling his eyes away from the body and turning round to face Jack. "I can't do this anymore, Jack. I don't want to be responsible for the shit that will hit the fan when they find out that you let a member of the general public onto a crime scene."

Will felt uncomfortable as the silent FBI agent studied him. "I'm sorry I pushed you into this, Will. I thought it must have been fate when we met again. A rarity like you, doesn't come around often." Jack patted one of Wills shoulders.

"As we're here…. tell me what you see." Will looked down, clenching his eyes shut, feeling the tingling of a headache coming. He didn't want to do this, but he didn't feel like he had a choice. Sighing he looked back up, turning away from Jack, and back toward the body.

Inhaling in slowly, and out equally as slow; he relaxed his body. Letting his mind settle and focus on what was around him. He liked to imagine the pendulum of a clock, swinging. Much like the grandfather clock his father owned.

'I know my victim, and she knows me. She was expecting me, perhaps a pre-planned meeting.' Will sat opposite the woman, as she looked back at him, smiling.

'We chat, and socialise over tea. She's completely unaware of my plans. Pulling the knife from my jacket sleeve, I embed it into her heart. Pulling it out and stabbing the same spot over and over.' Will stopped stabbing the woman, looking her limp body over.

'Taking out her heart, amongst other organs. I leave her as I killed her. Making sure to remove any trace of myself left behind and taking the organs with me…' Will frowned, the real world coming back to him as he stood in the same spot he was before, staring at the body.

"This was a sloppy kill. Someone trying to copy anothers work." Will said, looking back at Jack. "Are you telling me, that this isn't The Rippers work?"

"The Rippers cuts are always clean and precise. These wounds were caused and cut open in a barbaric manner. He wouldn't dare damage the organs he was going to harvest. This isn't The Rippers work."

*

He stood, watching. Blending in with the crowd of onlookers and reporters. Thrilled that such a huge number of police and even FBI had turned up to his murder. As much as he hated copying someone elses work, he wanted some attention; The attention of The Ripper, himself. Looking at his watch, he tutted. He had a meeting in thirty minutes, he couldn't stay to watch the show.

Fishing his car keys out of the brief case he hand on hand, he turned to walk back to his car; halting in his tracks as yet another FBI car drove past. Stopping to watch, he raised an eyebrow as a scruffy looking man got out of the car. The man seemed familiar to him, though he couldn't put his finger on it.

Watching a little longer, he followed the unkempt brunette with his eyes, as an agent led him into the house. Frowning, he turned away and continued to walk to his car. Getting in, he started it up; his mind racing, trying to remember where he'd seen that person before. His mind was telling him it was important.

Stopping at a red light, he idly looked out of his side window. The TV screens in a shop window catching his eye. He watched the cooking show that was playing for a few seconds, before it clicked. He knew exactly who that man was. As soon as the lights turned green, he sped off in the direction of home, he was going to call in sick today.

*

Will pressed the bell of Hannibal's house. He'd moved back to his own place a week before, but had found himself coming back to this house almost every day since. As the door opened, Will looked up into Hannibal's smiling face and stepped inside; Hannibal letting him step over the threshold.

"Well you're late today, aren't you?" Jested the older man. Will didn't so much as twitch a smile as he stood, his head slightly bowed. The other tilted his face up slightly, scanning his eyes. "Come, let's have some tea in the living room. We'll talk there." He ran his hand down Will's back, tracing his spine and held it on the small of the brunettes back. He guided him to the living room, leaving Will momentarily, to brew some tea.

Will removed his coat, draping it over the back of the sofa and sat down. He ran a hand over his face and through his hair. The murder scene he'd just been to, still fresh in his mind. After a few minutes of sitting in silence, Hannibal came back with a tray in hand. Placing it onto the coffee table, he took a seat next to Will and poured him a cup of tea from the teapot.

After handing Will one to Will, he poured himself a cup, took a sip and again surveyed his face. Remaining silent, Will frowned a little while taking a sip from his own cup. The tea warmed his insides, though he had no idea what kind it was. Placing the cup onto the coffee table he sat back, slouching into the sofa slightly. For a while both just sat there in silence, Will looking at the familiar layout of the room while Hannibal kept his eyes on him.

"I've just come back from a crime scene. Jack Crawford thought it would be a good idea for me to actually see one of the victims." Will stopped speaking for a minute, side glancing at Hannibal, who was watching and listening to him intently. "I told him I didn't want to do this anymore. I can't sleep at night as it is." Will continued.

Hannibal placed his cup down and sat back on the sofa with Will, though a lot less slouched. Moving a hand he placed it on the younger mans thigh in a comforting manner. Allowing his thumb to stroke it softly. "They're struggling to catch him, hence why Jack has asked for my help. The crime scene I was taken to wasn't even a Ripper victim, It was a copycat. And not particularly a good one."

Hannibal's expression faltered slightly, his hand squeezing Wills' thigh a little. "And no one noticed it was a copycat murder. Apart from you?"

"No, I'm sure they would have worked it out in the end though. With or without me."

*

Gritting his teeth, he watched the display between the two men, through his binoculars. He didn't like how cosy the two men were; it angered him the way the so called chef touched The Ripper, his Ripper.

He'd followed Will Graham, followed him to this mans house. He'd wanted a chance to speak to him. Phone ringing, he jumped slightly and pulled his eyes from the binoculars, placing them in his lap.

Checking the phone he ignored the call, and threw it into the passengers seat next to an ID badge. His picture and the name 'Matthew Brown' printed under the companys name.

Biting at his thumb nail he continued to watch Hannibal's house through the binoculars. Watching as Hannibal Lecter and Will Graham spoke to each other and drank tea. Seeing the

chef make Will laugh he stopped looking, throwing the binoculars into the passengers seat with rage.

He decided he needed to gain the attention of Will Graham. He would be a far more faithful follower and friend. And he had a plan, a plan that would get him noticed. Starting the car he pulled away from the curb and smiled to himself. His anger calming quickly as he mentally praised himself.

*

Will sighed as he pulled into his drive, he'd only just managed to escape Hannibal's grip. He had refused to stay the night, much to the older mans blatant disappointment. Grabbing his bag from the back seat, he got out of his rusty old car and locked it up. Sifting through the bunch of keys, looking for his front door key as he walked.

As he walked up the steps, he stopped. His front door was open slightly. Ignoring the sirens going off in his head, he slowly walked up the last couple of steps and toward his door. He placed a hand on it, and slowly pushed it open.

He stood in the doorway for a minute, squinting into the dark hallway. Straining his ears for any sort of sound. Against his best judgement, he stept over the threshold. Making sure to tread carefully and as quietly as he could, making his way across the oak floor of the hall.

Stopping in the middle of the hallway he pulled his phone out of his pocket, deciding it would be a good idea to call someone. "Will?" Jack answered, his voice questioning the call.

"I think someone's been in my house, Jack… The door was open." Will answered. His voice coming out in hushed whispers. "I don't know if they're still here."

"I'll be right there, don't go inside." Jack said. Will could hear the man clattering around. "It's abit too late to be saying that, I'm already inside." Will moved and walked toward the slight glow of light he could see coming from his kitchen.

"Will, get out of there now. It's not safe for someone unarm-" Will dropped the phone, his face painted with a look of shock.

Laid out, naked and cut open on his dining table, was the body of Freddie Lounds. He sucked in a breath as his eyes looked over the scene. Her body had been surrounded by candles, and the news article featuring him had been pinned to the wall behind.

It looked like a shrine.

*

"Will, are you ok?" Will looked up at the voice, grateful for a friendly face. "I'm fine, Hannibal." He managed a small meek smile as the older man walked up to him. He'd been told to stay in the SUV, and supplied with a blanket.

Hannibal stretched out a hand, smoothing back Wills hair and stroking his cheek softly. "No, you're in shock." Hannibal replied. Pulling the blanket around Wills' shoulders properly. "You

worry too much." The brunette said, though he smiled again, a little more warmly this time. He was glad to have found such a friend.

Hannibal returned the smile, lightly gripping Wills shoulder. "You're coming to stay with me again. No arguments." He looked around the police filled street, trying to spot Jack among the flashing lights and bodies. "I would like to get permission from Agent Crawford though, before we leave. It would be bad if I was accused of kidnapping, no?"

Will nodded his head, chuckling a little at Hannibal's attempted joke.

Matthew chewed on his thumb nail angrily as he watched the scene unfold from his viewing spot. His gift, the sacrifice he'd laid out. It had all been tossed aside by the person he'd wanted to impress the most. How could he do this to him? Did he think he was too good for him, just because he was The Ripper?

No, this wasn't right. Pulling the thumb away from his mouth angrily, he ignored the stinging sensation as it started to bleed. He was going to make Will Graham his friend, or he was going to destroy him.

Do you feel what I feel?

Chapter Summary

Murder.

The knife dropped to the ground, blood pooling around him as he knelt next to the body; a look of disgust and realisation twisting onto his face. What had he done? It had only meant to have been self defense. He looked over the many stab wounds he had inflicted, it was far from self defense, It looked like he'd murdered the man in cold blood.

Suddenly coming over dazed and nauseous he made an attempt to crawl away from the body, falling to the side as he slipped in blood. His breathing picked up pace as panic started to take over him, dispelling the shock. He crawled and slipped more, trying to get to the other side of the kitchen, away from what he'd done.

Leaving a trail of blood behind him, he brought his knees to his chest as he lent back against some cupboards. It felt like an hour or more before he finally reached into his jeans pocket and pulled out his phone. The screen was slightly cracked from the fight, but it worked.

He called the first person he thought of. "Will?" A familiar voice answered. Will took a moment to answer, as he tried to compose himself. "Hannibal…."

*

-10 HOURS EARLIER.-

The room slowly came into vision as he blinked his eyes and willed away his drowsiness. Looking at the clock, he realised that it was only 5:15am. Scrunching his nose Will nuzzled his face back into the pillow. He'd forgotten where he was until he felt someone move next to him, the weight across his waist that he'd disregarded, sliding off him.

Turning his head, he looked as Hannibal sat up. "Sorry… Did I wake you?" Hannibal ran a hand through his own hair, flattening any bits of hair that were sticking up. "As a light sleeper, even the slightest rustle wakes me." He smiled slightly at Will. "I was getting up soon, so you have not to worry, Will."

Will looked up at the older man, unflinching as he allowed him to run a hand through his hair. "Go back to sleep. The shock of last night must still be in your system." Hannibal said. Pulling his hand away and getting up from the bed.

Will watched Hannibal stretch slightly, he could see the muscles of the mans back flexing under his pajama top. In truth Will had forgotten about last night, his dreamless sleep had

been enough to calm his inner turmoils. He frowned and gritted his teeth together, he felt no guilt or remorse for Freddie Lounds, and that's what bothered him the most.

"I'm still coming back to work today." Will said. Hannibal halting in his movements to look round at Will, though he said nothing. "It will keep me distracted." He sat up in bed, running a hand through his messy hair before continuing. "Besides, it's boring and frustrating just sitting around, feeling unproductive as I do nothing, all day, everyday."

Hannibal smiled a little at that and removed his bathrobe from the en-suite door. "It is your decision, Will. I would be jubilant to welcome you to work, back by my side." Silence settled between the two, Hannibal turning toward the bathroom. "Rest, Will. I will wake you when breakfast is ready." Hannibal said. Making sure the brunette laid back down before going into the en-suite and closing the door.

*

Will was sitting up to the kitchen island eating, when members of the crew started to turn up. Most welcomed Will back, which made him happy and immensely relieved. "Look who's back!" He heard a familiar voice from behind him, a small smile tilting the corners of his mouth. "Morning Bev." He said. Playfully jabbing at her with his fork, as she stole a piece of sausage from his plate.

"Hey, sharing is caring! Besides, you're the only one he cooks for, gotta grab a taste when I can." Will didn't say much to that, and continued to eat. Trying to finish his food so that he could move out of the way. "See, you've even started making yourself at home." She pointed at his shoeless feet, smiling at him in her usual know-it-all way.

"Well…" Will wiggled his toes a little. "I've had to move back in with Hannibal, for a short amount of time. Some issues came up at my own home." He didn't say what, he didn't dare. Some crew members already thought that he was strange and untrustworthy. "You really don't have much luck, do you?" She ruffled his already messy hair. "I better go and attend to Mr. L, don't want to keep his lordship waiting." She said as she turned and started walking away.

Will chuckled lightly, he was really glad to be back at work. The change of atmosphere helped a great deal.

*

The doorbell rang, echoing through the empty house. Will frowned slightly, placing his mug down onto the kitchen side and walked down the hall, to the front door. Opening it, he was welcomed by the sight of a stranger. "Hello?"

"Hey, sorry to bother you. This is Hannibal Lecters house, right?" The man asked, he smiled up at Will. "Yes…And who's asking?" He raised a brow, looking the man up and down, he was dressed in jeans, a t-shirt and some sneakers. "Oh, right. I'm Matthew, I work with the station. I'm working on set with one of the crew from here, for another show. But he's lost a bit of equipment." Matthew said. Continuing to smile up at Will, from the bottom step.

"He wasn't sure if he left here, or back at the station. So I volunteered to come and look. I can leave though, if I'm disturbing anything." Will shook his head slightly, and stepped to the side; letting Matthew in. "It's fine, you weren't disturbing anything. The item you are looking for could be upstairs in the spare bedroom, or the kitchen."

Closing the door behind Matthew, he led the way through to the kitchen. "Wow, the rest of the house really is as grand and elegant as I've heard." Matthew said, as he followed Will. His eyes burning into the back of the brunettes head. "That sums up Hannibal, his house and his way of life." Will chuckled a little. He'd been oddly chipper the whole day, considering a body had been left in his home the previous night.

"What is it you're looking for?" Will turned to look at the other man, welcomed by a gun in his face.

"You."

*

-PRESENT TIME.-

A chill of excitement ran down Hannibals spine as he looked upon the sight in front of him. He had swiftly come home, cancelling his appointment, after receiving a panicked and distressed call from Will. But this was more than he'd expected to come home to, much more.

He didn't speak while he stood in the doorway of the kitchen, eyes scanning over the many of its contents, scattered across the floor or broken. Removing a glove from his hand, he stepped forward, careful to avoid any of the blood that had pooled on his kitchen floor. Bending and reaching out a hand, he pulled Wills face to look up at him. The brunettes pale face, dotted with blood, looked like a piece of art to him.

Smiling a little he stroked a stubbled cheek with his thumb. "This will be our secret." He said, continuing to stroke the cheek. "I..." Will was cut short, as Hannibal placed a finger against his own lips. With hushed silence between them, Hannibal crouched and started unbuttoning Wills shirt. "I'm going to need you to leave these bloody clothes here, you need to go upstairs and clean up."

Will was beyond arguing at this point. Following orders, he slowly and shakily removed his clothes. Trying to hide his crotch, in an attempt to keep some dignity. Hannibal was still smiling, he felt oddly amused and excited at all this. Supporting Will on the small of his back, he guided and walked with him, leading him up the stairs and to the en-suite.

Seating Will on the side of the bath, he leant over and started to run the water. Making sure the temperature was right and adding a splash of bubble bath. Once filled, Hannibal helped Will lower into the bath tub. The brunettes legs were still shaking violently. "Would you like me to help you wash, Will?" Hannibal asked. Seating himself on the edge of the bath.

Receiving no reply, he ran his fingers through the water and up the brunettes back. "I didn't mean to… I don't know what came over me." Will finally choked out, his voice somewhat shaking as he broke the silence. Looking at the blood as it washed of his hands, he continued.

"I managed to get the gun off him, but I chose to stab him… Why did I stab him?" Will mainly asked himself this question. Confusion and a hint of pain had etched itself into his face. Hannibal said nothing and continued to run his fingers up and down Wills back. He was enjoying the details, he had a look of contentedness on his face.

"It felt too good, the look on his face… It made me want to do it over and over and over again. There was blood everywhere….So much blood." Will started to shake more, not out of fear but out of remembrance. His body had enjoyed killing Matthew Brown, and that shocked him.

It was silent between them for a while, until Will turned his head to look up at Hannibal. "Why are you helping me?" Will asked.

"Because you're my friend, Will." Hannibal said. Gripping the younger males chin, he ran his thumb over his lips. "We need each other, more than you know." Will could feel his breath hitch as they locked eyes, the words Hannibal had spoken, stinging with a ring of truth. Without realising, he'd gripped the front of Hannibal's coat, that he still wore. He felt like he had to grab onto this man and not let go.

Hannibal smirked a little, softly removing Wills hands from his coat and standing. "Wash yourself up and then get into bed. You must not worry about a thing, my dear Will."

*

Will descended the stairs, his legs shaking, unstable pillars beneath him. One hand gripped the banister while the other clenched the dressing gown that Hannibal had lent to him. Reaching the bottom, he stopped for a moment, trying to compose himself before he met with the all knowing Jack Crawford. And to his slight horror, they were waiting for him in the kitchen.

"Will, sorry for making you get out of bed, when you're sick." Jack said as Will walked into the kitchen. He felt his stomach lurch slightly, noticing the agent was standing in the pool of blood that he could not unsee.

"That's fine…"He said. And moved to sit at the breakfast bar, he didn't think he could support himself on his legs much longer. Jack looked him over before continuing. "I received a call in

the early hours of this morning, from your home." Will frowned a little, but said nothing; letting the other man continue. "Your home is still apart of the investigation, I have a patrol in that area every hour."

"I haven't been back to that house, Jack. If that's what you're trying to insinuate." Will said. He had a feeling he knew what was coming, but he had to keep up the act. Crawford said nothing for a minute, a look of consideration on his face as he thought something over. "Another body was found in your home, Will." Crawford said. The breath caught in Will's throat, he felt Hannibal's eyes burning into his back, drinking up his reaction.

Jack continued. "We believe it's the work of The Ripper. The victim, Will…We identified as a Matthew Brown, do you know him?" Will clenched at the dressing gown with a hand, trying with all his might not to break down and panic like an insane man in front of the FBI agent. "No…I'm sorry, are you saying The Ripper left a body in my home? Why?" He said, albeit shakily.

"I went to Matthew Brown's apartment, before coming here. We found many pictures, old and new newspaper cut outs… All of you and The Ripper. We think Matthew Brown was the copycat murderer, and your stalker." Will didn't say a thing, only looked down at his knees. He knew all of this already, he knew because he'd been the one to end Matthew Brown's life.

"Do you have a picture of the crime scene?" Will asked. He felt like he needed to see it, no matter how sick it made him feel. Jack looked Will over, unsure as to whether he should show him. The younger man looked very unwell. "Do you think that's a good idea, Will?"

"We both know you didn't come here just to tell me about what was left at my home, Jack. You want me to help." Jack looked at him seriously for a moment, before sighing lightly and opening up the briefcase he was holding. He removed a folder and handed it to the brunette.

Will licked at his dry lips and took the folder, his heart sped up in his chest as he anticipated what was inside. Turning in his seat, he placed the thin folder onto the breakfast counter. Allowing himself to glance at Hannibal as he opened it. Will noticed the mans lips curl into a small smirk and looked down at the pictures. His stomach lurched and a small chill ran up his spine. He didn't know if he felt sick, thrilled or excited.

Mathews chest had been opened, the cavity filled to the brim, bursting with colour and elegance; as flowers upon flowers bloomed from where his organs had once lived. Running a finger over a picture, Will swallowed and composed himself. "Were the organs taken?" He asked.

"Yes. A note was also left…" Jack said. Pulling an evidence bag from his briefcase, he handed it to Will. A small, perfectly rectangular piece of paper sat inside the bag, upon which was written, 'Do you feel what I feel?' Will said nothing, his heart beating so fast he thought it would rip its way through his chest at any moment.

Hannibal had done all of this? He frowned slightly as he looked over the pictures again. He didn't want to believe the man that he was currently residing with, was the famous murderer that the FBI had been trying to catch for years. "Do you know what these flowers mean?" He

asked, hoping his voice hadn't sounded shaky. Jack shook his head. "It's being looked into as we speak. Do you think the flowers are significant?"

"I think I'm looking at a gift... " Will answered. Side glancing at Hannibal again, the older man hadn't taken his eyes off of Will. "I'm sure you've given your wife flowers before. They're usually given as gifts, they're a sign of affection…Or in some circumstances, they've been signs of warning and threat. Depending on the flower that is. "

Will took one last look at everything before slipping it all back into the folder and handing it to Jack. "Are you telling me that The Ripper has left a gift for you, Will?" Will said nothing as he looked back at Jack, his pale and expressionless face answering for him.

Hearing the movement of Hannibal behind him, Will felt a chill down his spine. Gritting his teeth as the man slid a hand onto the younger mans shoulder and gripped it tightly. "Will can stay here as long as it takes, Agent Crawford. Feel rest assured that he will come to no harm while he's with me."

"And I trust you wholeheartedly. I will ask for a patrol to keep an eye on the area regardless though." Jack put the file into his briefcase. "I need to get back to the office, I will contact you if I have anymore information, Will. And get some more rest, you look like crap." Will managed a smile and nodded, shaking Jacks hand in parting.

Not moving, Will stayed sitting up to the breakfast bar while Hannibal saw Jack off. Turning his back on the kitchen door, he ran a hand through his knotted locks. His mind was in turmoil, it was a ship in angry seas. What should he do? Was he staying with death himself? He couldn't think straight, lack of sleep and the events of yesterday clouded his thoughts and judgement.

Will sucked in a breath from slight shock as a hand stroked it's way up his back, he hadn't heard Hannibal come back. He wanted to ask questions, but a small voice at the back of his head told him not to. He had no choice but to go along with it, for now. "Would you like something to eat, Will?" Hannibal asked quietly. His mouth a little too close to Wills ear.

The younger man looked back at Hannibal, Maroon tinted eyes meeting blue. The more he stared, the more he felt himself being sucked into the depths. Is this what people saw before they died? Before he killed them? Is this what Abigail saw last? He pulled his eyes away quickly at the thought of Abigail, he'd forgotten about her, so much had been happening to him.

"Will?" Hannibal said again. Sliding the hand from Wills back, to the back of his neck, gripping it a little. He didn't feel like he should refuse, not as he was now. Nodding his head, he looked back again, avoiding eye contact this time. "Yes...Please."

The corners of Hannibal's mouth curled as he smirked like usual when he found something amusing. "Wonderful."

Second thoughts.

Chapter Summary

More time skips and Will tells his story.

Will slowly blinked open his eyes, everything was blurry, sleep and the absence of his glasses clouding his vision. "Nngh…" He groaned. His attempt to sit up failing. He ached so much, his whole body felt like it was being weighed down by concrete blocks. "Good morning, Will." A deep, familiar voice said. Turning his head he groggily looked at the person sitting next to his bedside. "You've been out for three days, I was beginning to wonder if you'd ever wake up."

"Jack…" Will managed to wheeze out. His throat felt sore, like he'd been swallowing razor blades. The FBI agent got to his feet and poured a cup of water. Dropping a straw into the cup, he helped Will take a sip. "I need to ask you some questions, when you're feeling up to it. None of this is looking good for you, Will." Jack said, placing the cup onto the table and sitting again. "People are saying you were his accomplice. I think otherwise."

Will said nothing, just blinked and stared at Jack, unemotionally and unfocused. He didn't like the term accomplice, it wasn't like he had helped Hannibal Lecter kill anyone, but they had helped each other in different ways. "What's happening with Hannibal?" Will asked. His throat felt uncomfortable when he spoke, but he forced himself. "He's being held in a highly secured location, we searched his home and found several pieces of evidence linking him to recent murders. He's definitely The Ripper."

Will didn't say anything to that, he was pleased that Hannibal hadn't escaped the clutches of the FBI. "Glasses…" He said. He didn't want to speak too much if he didn't need to. Though he was grateful as Jack placed them onto his face for him. "We can leave the questioning for tomorrow. I'll inform them that you've woken up. Word of warning though, Will. I have agents on the door."

Will watched Jack walkout of the room, leaving him alone. How would he even be able to run in this condition? He looked around the room, now that he could see. The decor wasn't much to look at, hospital decor never was. He was just glad he wasn't stuck in a white padded room. Frowning, he thought of Hannibal, alone in a white padded cell.

'No, I have no right to feel guilty. I did the right thing, he killed Abigail…' Will told himself in his head. His thoughts were scrambled, the events of the past months playing over in his mind. He didn't feel like he'd done the right thing at all. Had Hannibal Lecter had that much of an influence over him?

*

"Are you ready to tell me?" Will nodded, it had been a few days since he'd last seen Jack. "I'd like to make a deal first... I tell you everything, if you let me see Hannibal Lecter." Jack sighed and looked the brunette over. "I can't promise that. But I will try and make that happen, to the best of my abilities…" Both of them sat in silence for a moment, the sound of the hospital machines breaking the quiet. Fishing into his pocket, Jack pulled out a dicta-phone and placed it onto the table. Pressing the play button, he looked at Will. "Start when you're ready."

Will played with his fingers for a second, deciding where the best time to start would be. "We changed each other, complimented one another." He started. Eyeing the dicta-phone as he spoke, to avoid any eye contact with Jack. "A darkness had been creeping up on me since Abigail… Hannibal had helped me more times than I can count on my fingers. It wasn't until you found Matthew Brown in my home, that I knew it had been Hannibal Lecter. He had been the darkness that was creeping up on me and slowly drowning me."

Will stopped for a second and smiled a little to himself. "I liked it." Still smiling he looked at Jack, though avoided eye contact. "I engulfed myself in that darkness and let him have what he wanted. It was the only way I could catch him."

-THREE WEEKS EARLIER-

"Naverin D'Agneau." Hannibal placed the dish in front of Will. "A heartier meal for such a cold day." Will looked down at the food that had been placed in front of him. As usual it looked like a work of art, presentation that only an expert could do. "...Thank you." Will said. Picking up his fork, he started to eat. "It's good." He said. Will didn't dare ask WHO he was eating, and he didn't want to know.

Hannibal looked pleased. Will liked the little glint in the older mans eyes he got when he was happy. Smiling a little, he continued to eat. He was fully aware how messed up this would look to someone else, eating a meal so casually, that he knew was human meat. Will couldn't help but feel a little happy, he liked this killers company.

"Do you have any plans for tomorrow, Will?" Hannibal asked. "I was thinking of buying some clothes. I won't be able to pick any up from my house any time soon, and the ones I have here are getting over worn." Hannibal smirked, amused by the fact he was the reason Will couldn't go home. "I'll come with you."

*

Will hadn't spent a penny. Hannibal had insisted on buying everything, including an expensive lunch. He frowned as he buttoned up the new shirt that he was changing into. He hadn't felt like he could turn the other man down, it was something he was going to have to deal with for now though. Tucking in his shirt and straightening the collar, he looked at himself in the bedroom mirror. He felt too smart, new shoes, trousers, shirt. Hannibal had

even insisted he have his hair and beard trimmed, again. Frowning more, he blinked a couple of times, the contacts he'd put in were irritating him slightly.

"Much better." A voice came from behind him. Turning, Will looked over to the door where Hannibal was standing. The older mans eyes looking him up and down. "Are the contact lenses really necessary?" Will asked. Turning again, to observe himself more in the mirror. Hannibal walked over to him and stood behind. Straightening the brunettes collar a little better and smoothing a hand down his back. "Yes." He simply answered. Smiling a little at Will in the mirror, before tilting his head to kiss the other males neck. Will also tilted his head, out of reflex; giving Hannibal more room. He'd gotten used to the killers little touches, and he didn't mind them at all, but Hannibal always pulled away just when Will wanted more.

As if on cue, Hannibal straightened after only leaving a few soft kisses. Will frowned, returning the others gaze through the mirror. He wanted to ask why, and what the other really wanted with him. Will didn't feel like they were on equal terms at all, he felt like Hannibal Lecters' toy. 'Or maybe I'm just another puppet.' He thought to himself, looking away from the man.

"I'm going for a walk…" Will finally said. Breaking the silence between them. "Would you like me to come with you?" Hannibal asked. Though he knew the answer. "No… I may be home late." Will said. As he walked from the room, and down the stairs; Hannibal following him.

*

Shirt untucked, shoes off and hair messed up, Will lounged in an armchair. "I'm so glad you were home. I needed to get out of that house, I felt like I was drowning."

"Will, you know you're welcome to come by anytime." Alana looked up at him, from the spot she was seated on the floor. She was dressed in a black vest top, pink Pajama bottoms and a dressing gown. Both had a glass of whisky in hand. "It's hard to stay in one place for too long, and with everything that's been happening around you… Well it's no wonder you feel like you do." She said.

Will smiled at her, he hadn't told her everything, for obvious reasons. But she was still soothing his frustrations, in her own way. "To be honest, I'm just glad I can sit here slouched and uncaring about my appearance. I wouldn't dare do this around Hannibal, he'd give me the most unsatisfied look and just keep judging me with his eyes, without saying a word." Alana laughed and topped up his glass. "I've seen that look. It's subtle, but if you study him close enough you can see the changes in his mood." She smiled at Will. "You two must have become very close for you to notice."

Will didn't answer, he just drank from his glass. Changing the subject, he asked "what's the time?"

"11:50pm." Alana answered. The both of them had been sitting there since eight, talking, drinking and eating leftover pizza. He didn't want to, but he had to leave. Will didn't want to think how Hannibal would react if he came home too late or not at all. "I should get going."

He sighed. Standing he started to tuck the shirt back in, straightened his collar and putting his shoes back on.

"Thank you." He said. Turning to Alana as she saw him to the door. "No need for thanks. I told you that you could come and see me anytime you want, be it here or at my office." She said. Smiling at him and gripping one of his hands.

Leaning in, Will looked at her face closely. Both of them stared at each other for a second, Alanas' smile faltering. Slowly they both leaned in closer, lips meeting. For a moment the kiss heated up, Will gripping her dressing gown to pull her body against his. As if something clicked, he pulled away quickly and released her. "I'm sorry…That shouldn't have happened, I was out of hand." He said. Running a hand through his hair, a stream of thoughts whirled through his head.

"It's fine… I was as much to blame…" Alana looked a little hurt by his words, she'd obviously wanted it too. "No it's not fine… I'm sorry. I like you, I really do…You're beautiful. It's just I can't right now, things are messed up and I need to sort it before we can…" He trailed off, he didn't know how to end that. Would there even be a 'we' after this?

Alana smiled again and stroked a hand over his cheek. "I understand. We'll forget this happened for now, deal?" Will smiled back. "Deal."

Protection and determination.

Chapter Summary

Will does what he can to keep Hannibal's trust and tries to be a seductive minx (hahaha.)

Chapter Notes

There is one last chapter to come after this one, that I am still currently writing. Thank you for reading up to this point! x

Hannibal sat in an armchair, in his study. The dim light from the lamp giving it an eerie gloom over the room. Anger was running throughout his body, yet he needed to calm down. What had he really expected when he followed Will Graham? Certainly not that. And he thought he had a hold on the man. Clearing his throat and cracking his neck, Hannibal stood and went into the kitchen. He'd try one of his many teas, maybe that would calm him, for now. And then he'd hunt, and find the perfect person to display his anger.

Perhaps then, dear Will would understand. A few moments later, the front door opened. Hannibal knew it was Will, he could smell the mix of his cheap fragrance, Alana and whisky. "I was just making tea, would you like some, Will?" Hannibal called out. Listening to the footsteps as Will walked down the hall and into the kitchen.

"No, thank you. I think I'll drink a glass of water and head to bed." Hannibal poured himself a cup of tea, the fragrance soothing him slightly. "Oh? Did you go drinking?" Will stood next to the older man, filling a glass with tap water. "I went for a walk...And ended up in a bar. I only had a couple, we're not working tomorrow, so I indulged myself."

Saying nothing, Hannibal drank from his cup. The dishonesty coming from Will greatly disappointed him, he had expected more from this rare gem. Side glancing, Will could see a glint of something in Hannibal's eyes. Did he know that Will was lying? Will didn't put stalking past the man, he knew he was perfectly capable and most probably an expert in being undetected by now.

"And then because I was in the area, I visited Alana." Will said. He couldn't take back his previous lie, but he could stack the truth on top. Hannibal raised a brow, he was a little surprised that the brunette had decided to tell him where he'd really been. Maybe he wasn't so disappointing after all. "It was only pizza and whisky… I just needed to be in a different environment for a while." Will said. Turning to look at Hannibal, he conducted eye contact.

Hannibal leaned in close to Will. "I thought it was only two?" Will laughed a little and smiled at him. "A little white lie now and again doesn't hurt. I may have had a few more than two." Hannibal hummed and straightened up. "Make sure you wash up before bed. I don't want Alana Blooms stench among my bed sheets."

He didn't like the sound of that comment, his one selfish desire had gotten someone else into trouble. He needed to think fast. Sliding a hand over Hannibal's chest, he softly gripped his shirt and leaned up. Placing his mouth close to the mans ear, and whispering. "Would you like to help wash it away?" Not waiting for an answer, Will started to walk away and unbuttoning his shirt. He removed it when he got to the bottom of the stairs, and dropped it to the floor. He knew Hannibal was still watching him from his spot in the kitchen.

Unbuckling his belt, he turned the corner out of sight and sighed softly. Walking up the stairs he continued to unbutton and unzip the trousers, of which he made sure to leave at the top. He was glad no one else could see this, he could feel the embarrassment stabbing at his body. Going into Hannibal's bedroom, he stopped at the bathroom door and gritted his teeth. Things were going to happen one way or another, this was something he had to do.

Telling himself that he was doing the right thing, he dropped his underwear and went into the bathroom.

*

Watching as Will dropped the shirt to the floor and disappeared around the corner, Hannibal stood there for a moment. Will was being very brazen, it was a change, and not an unwanted one. Placing the half drunk cup of tea onto the counter, he smirked a little, running his thumb over his bottom lip.

At his own easy pace, he started to follow. Stepping over the shirt and dodging the shoes on the stairs. Reaching the top he eyed the trousers and scattered socks, it was like following a breadcrumb trail. Finally reaching the bedroom, he stopped just before the door, listening to the spray of the shower coming from within. Moving to stand in the doorway, he watched as Will stood, letting the water run over his face, through his curled locks and over his body.

This hadn't been a part of his plan, not so soon anyway. He met Wills eyes for a moment, neither of them saying anything as the brunette continued to shower. He understood the others eyes were inviting him. Running a hand over his chin and mouth, he gave in to temptation. He quickly removed his clothing, dropping and leaving them in a pile on the floor, he'd worry about them later.

Stepping into the shower, he placed a hand against the wall, either side of Wills head and slowly closed in. He was going to take what he wanted.

*

"You were in a relationship with Hannibal Lecter?" Jack asked, he was a little taken aback from what Will had been telling him. "Not the kind of relationship you're thinking, Jack. Our relationship is… Complicated." Will said. He had never thought of their relationship as lovers, or anything of the kind. Jack sighed. "This could cause problems for you, Will. The press will go mad if they find out."

"I was willing to take that sacrifice when I sold my soul to the devil, Jack." Will said softly. "That night, I decided just doing things like I always did, wouldn't catch him. I had to give myself over to him completely. By the third time we had had sex that night, I completely succumbed to his touches."

*

Will gripped at the bed sheets, his jaw hung open partially as he panted, gasped and moaned out. His hair still damp from the shower, soaked into the sheets; along with sweat and bodily fluids. Hannibal hadn't said a word since he'd made his advance on Will in the shower, he was too absorbed in all this. He gripped the leg bent over his shoulder tighter, digging his blunt nails into Wills' pale skin. With his spare hand, he stuffed three fingers into the brunettes mouth.

Sucking on them hungrily, Will continued to moan around the fingers, muffling the sounds coming from him. They had been going at this for hours, the force and roughness of Hannibal's thrusts unfaltering. He wanted to make sure Will fully understood that he'd signed the dotted line, and he was now the killers property. Thinking of the people that had almost gotten in the way, he felt a slight wave of anger wash other him again. Thrusting harder, he made sure to take it all out on Will, for now.

Will cried out a little louder, still muffled by the fingers. He tried to swallow between moans, the built up saliva starting to leak from his mouth and down his chin. After at least another five minutes of being pounded, Will arched his back as he came for what felt like the hundredth time that night. Hannibal groaned softly as the walls encasing his member tightened, sliding the fingers from the others mouth, he gripped Wills' throat and continued to thrust. A short while later his grip on the brunettes throat tightened as he came, burying himself deep inside the brunette and leaving yet another load inside.

Riding out his orgasm and finishing, he pulled out, causing a small moan from Will's mouth. Pushing the leg from his shoulder, Hannibal stood, admiring the piece of artwork he'd made, in front of him. He was pleased as he observed the younger male, laid sprawled out on the bed; Panting heavily, covered in his own juices and leaking Hannibal's. He'd made sure to leave a few marks across the brunette's skin too.

Tempted to take a photograph, he stopped himself, it was tasteless to do such a thing. Instead he walked into the adjacent bathroom and started to run a bath and picked up the discarded clothes, folding them neatly. Coming back into the bedroom, he stood next to the bed, Will returned his gaze in a tired daze. "Can you stand?" Hannibal asked.

Will sat up slowly, his lower back hurt and his joints ached from being bent in ways he hadn't been bent before. Sliding himself to the edge of the bed, he moved his legs from the bed and

put his feet on the floor. "Good." Hannibal said, holding out his hands for Will to help him to his feet.

Taking Hannibal's hands, Will pulled himself up and stood. Shuddering and gasping slightly, some of the load leaking from him and down his legs causing the reaction. Hannibal smiled a little at the reaction, he was pleased that Will was still feeling him. Guiding the other male, they both went into the bathroom, Hannibal leaving Will to prop himself up on something while he turned the taps off.

Holding Will's hands he helped the man step into the bath. "This feels like deja vu, don't you think?" Hannibal said, running a hand through the others tousled and damp locks. Will looked down into the water, he didn't want to remember that night. He made a slight noise as he saw blood appearing in the water. Running a hand over his face, he looked again. It was gone.

Hannibal smirked and stroked a thumb over Wills cheek. "I'm going to go and change the sheets." Moving away, he took his bathrobe from the door and slipped it on. Will nodded in understanding and relaxed himself in the bath, hoping it would help sooth some of the aches he was already feeling. He watched from the corner of his eye as Hannibal left the room. The man seemed to have calmed down, he sighed in relief.

He didn't think he could deal with anyone else being killed, because of him. He thought about Alana, she was still in danger.

*

"Looking good, William~" Beverly said. Laughing and giving his butt a smack. Will just snorted and hip bumped her. He'd started wearing the clothes Hannibal had bought for him, and reluctantly, the contact lenses. "My clothes were starting to fall apart, so Hannibal took me shopping." Will mumbled. He was slightly embarrassed, many of the crew had already arrived gawking at him.

"Hey I wasn't complaining, You know I prefer this look on you." She smiled. "I can't stand here all day looking at you though. Gotta go sort Mr. L!" He watched and smiled after her, Beverly never failed to cheer him up. Looking back down at his Ipad he continued to flick through today's schedule and his emails.

"Did you hear they found two bodies in his house, in the space of a week? People have started calling it the Death house." Will raised a brow, listening to two crew members whispering just across the room. Sighing, he looked across to them and spoke up. "I would appreciate it if you would not gossip about me, or any other member of this crew for that matter. This is not a social meeting, it is your place of work. So please, get back to work, you wouldn't want to make Mr. Lecter late, would you?"

The two crew members looked embarrassed and quickly hurried off to finish setting up. Will noticed a few other members of crew smile at him, it looked like he'd made a better

impression on them. "Problems?" Will looked up meeting Hannibal's eyes. "Nothing I can't handle" he answered. And walked with Hannibal to the kitchen.

Leaning against a counter he waited for the producer to stop speaking to Hannibal. "I have to go see Jack Crawford after the recording here, he wants to talk to me about my house." Hannibal studied Will for a moment, while tying his apron around his waist. "That's fine, I can take myself to the next appointment." He finally said. Will smiled a little at him, he knew the man didn't trust him completely yet, but he also knew Hannibal wouldn't miss work to follow him. "You can drop me off at the police station though, if it will make you feel better?" He offered.

Hannibal thought about it, it was true that he'd be able to make sure Will was going to where he was meant to be. "I'll drop you off."

"I don't know how long he'll keep me for, but if he doesn't keep me long I'll head over to the studio where you are having the interview. If not, I'll come home." Looking around at the crew, he made sure no one was watching and leaned up, whispering into Hannibals ear. "And then I'll make up for it tonight." He moved away from the older man, a small smirk on his lips as he walked away to sit in his usual viewing corner. Looking back for a second, and seeing the lusty look in Hannibals' eyes.

After a while the recording kicked off, Beverly coming and taking a seat next to him as usual. He only paid half attention to Hannibal, the other half was focused on his Ipad. He'd brought up google maps, he was looking at what shops were close to the station, though he was only looking for one in particular.

'Aha, two blocks over.' He thought to himself as he clicked on a gun shop. And there was even a subway station nearby, he could easily catch a taxi from there back to the house. Contented with his plan, he put the tablet down and watched Hannibal instead.

"Remember, seasoning your meat before cooking is always important." Picking up the pepper grinder, he held it over the bowl and turned the knob. "A little pepper, for poppy." Will choked on and spat out a bit of the coffee he was drinking. Earning him a few odd stares and an annoyed glance from the producer. He held his hand up apologetically, handing the coffee to an amused Bev and leaving the room to clean himself up.

*

Will scanned the display cabinets, he wasn't an expert on guns, he just needed a simple handgun. He looked at his watch, Jack had kept him for longer than expected but he still had enough time to get home before Hannibal. "Could you recommend me a handgun that's easy to use please?" He asked. The redneck looking guy across the counter gave him a dirty look. They obviously didn't get many people like him into the store.

The man listed of several guns, taking them from the cabinets and placing them on the top, so Will could look at and handle them. He really had no idea, he couldn't even remember which was which. He tried all of them, holding them a little awkwardly as he weighed them in his hand.

In the end, he picked the one that felt the best in his hand. He didn't get asked for a license or any kind of ID. Buying the gun and some bullets was as easy as buying a coffee at Starbucks.

*

Will had hidden the gun in the bedroom, behind the bedside cabinet, on his side of the bed. He didn't want to hide it among his own possessions, in fear that Hannibal would find it. Hearing the front door open and close, Will made his way downstairs. Composing himself he smiled at Hannibal. "How was the interview? I still feel bad for not being there. I only got in around ten minutes ago myself."

Hannibal hung his coat and scarf on the hooks by the door. "It was tiring, and mediocre." He answered. Will could tell he wasn't in the best of moods, but he never was after magazine interviews. Raising his hand, Hannibal ran his fingers through Wills hair. This was his affectionate way of touching Will, he did it when he was pleased with the brunette in some way or another. "Jack kept you long?" He asked. Removing his hand and walking through to the kitchen.

Will followed, and took a seat up to the breakfast bar. "The man can speak for days, and most of it wasn't even about my house." Will sighed, his words had some truth to it. He just hoped his acting was up to par. Hannibal didn't answer, only listened as he brew some tea and thought about what he could cook them both for dinner. He was quite used to having Will around now.

"Apparently I will be able to go back to my own home in roughly two weeks time…" Will said in a slightly cautious way. He suspected that Hannibal was planning on keeping him around. As if on cue, Hannibal turned round to face Will. "Do you want to go home, Will?" He asked, his face unreadable.

Will didn't answer straight away, he just stared the man back in the eyes. He's been meeting Hannibal's eyes more and more often. "I don't know." He finally said. He couldn't think of anything better to say. "That's not a yes or no, Will." Hannibal said. He stepped forward and lent his hands on the island. "Is my company unsatisfactory?"

Will rolled his eyes at that and scoffed slightly. "If that was the case, I would have stayed at a hotel from the beginning…And then maybe half of this mess wouldn't have happened."

"Mess?" Hannibal asked. He didn't sound too happy about that. "Mess, meaning the Matthew Brown situation." Will said, trying to recover from his slip of the tongue. He hadn't meant to say that. Hannibal just hummed and straightened up. His mouth was drawn into a line of disappointment. Will felt like the man was doing this too often lately. "I don't want to go home." Will said. Hoping it would erase the mistake he'd just made. "Your company is more than satisfactory, I truly enjoy being here with you…"

It was all true, he really did enjoy being with Hannibal. The only thing stopping him from growing so attached to the man, to the point that he wouldn't be able to pull himself away; was the fact that he was a murderer. A serial killer. Cannibal.

Will sighed and ran a hand over his face. He was so confused, his mind had become muddled over the past couple of months. It was all this mans fault, but he couldn't find it in himself to hate him. "I think I need a lie down." Will said, getting up from the stool. "I shall call you when dinner is ready." Was all Hannibal said and watched as Will walked off.

*

Dinner had been quiet, neither saying a thing to each other about the earlier conversation. Now they both sat in the living room, Will was getting a little restless, he didn't like this awkward quietness. Turning in his seat on the sofa he looked at Hannibal, who was reading a book. "I'm sorry… I really didn't mean what I said earlier. I'm just… Tired and still trying to get used to this."

Hannibal didn't look up from his book, he just sat and listened, casually flicking over the page. "I was being honest though, when I said I didn't want to go home." Will spoke again, trying to coax something out of the older man. Sighing slightly, Hannibal placed his bookmark into the book and slammed it shut. Leaning forward, he placed it onto the coffee table.

"You know there's always a place for you here, Will. Not that I was particularly planning on letting you move back into that house." Hannibal sat back and turned his head a little to look at Will. "I suspected as much." Will smiled a little, though dreaded to think what Hannibal would have done if he tried leaving.

Raising his hand, the older man brushed his fingers through Wills hair in the usual manner, before gripping the back of it and pulling him in. The kiss was soft and a lot more gentle, compared to the iron grip entangled into his hair. Melting, Will kissed back, gripping at Hannibals suit. He hated how weak he became from Hannibal Lecters touches, it confused him more. The man was slowly sucking all sense from him.

Pulling Wills head away, Hannibal studied his face, a small smirk on his lips. Running the thumb from his spare hand over the other mans lips, he looked as Will took it into his mouth and sucked on it. 'No, I can't keep falling into this trap.' Will thought to himself as he sucked the thumb and then on some more of Hannibals fingers, looking him in the eyes. 'I'm going to catch you next, Hannibal Lecter.'

Show down.

Chapter Summary

> He looked away, and started to walk back toward the guard that waited for him. “Oh, and Hannibal.” Will stopped, just out of sight from the cell. “I forgive you.”

Chapter Notes

> Finally, the last chapterrrrrr. I hope it's not disappointing in any way, and I hope you enjoy!

“A dinner party…?” Will looked up at Hannibal, his nose scrunched slightly. He really disliked formal occasions. “Yes, Will. I thought you could invite Jack, and of course Miss Bloom. A small gathering, of friends.”

Will disliked the thought of that even more. He’d rather Hannibal invite people he didn’t know. “...When?” He asked, his browns tilted into a frown.

“Saturday. I’ve already started preparing, so I won’t be taking no for an answer.” He smiled at Will, knowing full well what he was thinking.

Rolling his eyes, Will sighed. He could never say no lately. “Fine… But if they’re busy…” He started to say.

“They won’t be.” Hannibal was so sure of himself that it made Will frown more.

“I’ll call Jack now then…” He muttered and pulled his phone from his pocket, looking through his calls and selecting Jack.

The phone rang for a bit before the man answered. “Will, What a coincidence, I was just about to call you.” Jack said. “I know I said I wouldn’t ask you again… But I’ve had three ripper victims turn up in the past few days.”

Will swallowed hard, eyes flicking to Hannibal and away again. “Jack… I won’t be able to help, there’s nothing more I can tell you…” Will said. He was sure there was a lot more he could tell Jack, but he didn’t see the point when he already knew who the ripper was.

“Don’t be ridiculous.” Jack answered, he knew all too well how capable Will really was.

“Jack I didn’t call for this… I was just calling to invite you to a dinner party on Saturday.” He changed the subject quickly, hoping the FBI agent would move away from the other topic.

“A dinner party at Hannibal Lecters...” He said, not really asking. “If I say yes will you come and at least look at the bodies?”

Will growled a little in annoyance, he’d do anything for a quiet life right now. “Fine! Yes! I’ll look at the goddamned bodies.”

“Good. I’ll pick you up in an hour.” Will could head the amusement in Jack’s voice. Not answering, he hung up on the man.

He glared at Hannibal, it was all his fault. “Thank you so much, I now have to go and view your mess.”

Hannibal just smirked back at him. “What mess would that be, Will?” Hannibal liked playing dumb, even though he obviously knew what Will was speaking about.

Will just looked at the man in displeasure, neither of them had really mentioned Hannibal’s murderous tendencies, but it gave more leverage to play around with Will. Hannibal seemed to like seeing him lose his temper a little.

Shrugging it off, Will left the living room without a word and went up to the bedroom to grab his bag; placing his phone and Ipad into it

He jumped, feeling a hand stroke its way up his back. “I wish you’d stop sneaking up on me, Hannibal. I’m going to have a heart attack one of these days.”

Hannibal just smiled a little, placing the hand on Will’s waist, kissing along his shoulder and up to his ear. He brushed his lips against the shell of the brunette’s ear before speaking. “What are you going to tell Jack?”

Will was a little shocked at the question. “Nothing of importance… Am I that untrustworthy, Hannibal?” He didn’t turn to look at the man, he wanted him to feel at least a little guilty about the question. Even though Will knew he was going to turn the man in at some point, and soon.

“Trust is something that should be worked extremely hard for.” Was all he said, and kissed the younger mans ear. He didn’t trust Will, not completely. Then again he hadn’t trusted many people in his lifetime.

“Make sure you tell Jack to be here at seven on Saturday.” He said, and pulled away from Will. “I will call Alana.”

Will nodded in understanding, picking up his bag and following Hannibal back downstairs. He sat on the sofa and pulled his shoes on, he needed to make his mind up on which day he was going to make his little plan work. Hannibal had given him an advantage, though the thought that it might all be a trick clouded his decision.

He'd been so caught up in his thoughts that he hadn't even noticed the knock on the front door. "Will, Jack's here." Hannibal stood in the living room door frame.

"An hour my arse…Was more like twenty minutes." Will grumbled, grabbing his bag and going out to the hall where he pulled on his scarf and coat. "This shouldn't take too long. " He smiled at Hannibal, brushing a hand over his, in a discreet manner.

*

Will had waited until Jack was away from the house before he spoke to him, a serious look on his face. "On Saturday, I will call you. Don't try to come to dinner earlier than wanted."

Jack raised a brow, keeping his eyes on the road as he drove to their destination. "Am I allowed to know the subject of the call in advance?"

"No… But I hope you can gather a team of agents and most probably medical help, fast." Will turned to look out of the window, boredly.

"Will… What are you going to do…?" Jack sounded concerned now.

"I'm not talking about it, Jack. I've told you what you can do for me. Now lets drop this..."

They were both quiet for the rest of the drive, Jack only speaking when they arrived at the destination. "All three bodies have been collected already, I have pictures of the crime scenes if you need them."

Will listened and followed Jack to the morgue, he hated these places, they creeped him out.

The bodies were lined up, one woman and two men. "No similarities, organs taken and no clues or evidence left at all?" Will listed the stuff on his fingers.

"Exactly, as is the Rippers work." Jack said. He looked a little angry, he'd been trying to catch this killer for so long.

"Then why did you ask me to come, there's only so much I can tell you…And didn't I tell you that you were going to lose your job if you kept allowing me to these kinds of places?" Will said, in an agitated tone.

"And I told you I was willing to take that risk. Catching the Ripper is the priority here, Will. If I lose my job because I asked for your help in something I deem extremely important, then so be it."

Will sighed a little. Jack was as hard headed as he was, neither of them would agree on this.

"Fine… Treat me to a coffee and I'll look through the crime scene photographs…" He grimaced at seeing Jack's pleased expression.

*

“Welcome home, Will.” Hannibal called from the kitchen, where he was making dinner. Will sighed, removing his coat, scarf and shoes, before walking through to the kitchen. He plonked himself onto a stool, running a hand through his messy curls.

“You were longer than expected.” Hannibal said, not turning to look at Will, chopping something Will couldn’t see beyond that broad back.

“Hm..” He answered. Running a hand over his face he held it to cover half of it, observing the older man in front of him. “I’m not hungry, so please don’t feel like you need to do me some food….” Will finally said after a moments silence. He didn’t take his eyes away from Hannibal’s back.

“I had thought you would say something like that.” Hannibal turned and smiled at Will a little. “So I’m preparing a fish dish.” Will could see it now, the fish Hannibal had been gutting. His stomach gave a slight jolt of guilt, this man looked after him, and yet he was planning on doing something terrible to him.

‘No, he’s done worse things to other people.’ He thought, his mind was in turmoil. ‘Just think of Abigail.’

He smiled back at Hannibal, letting his genuine affection show on his face. “You do spoil me, Mr. Lecter. What would I do without you?”

Will noticed the pleased look on Hannibals face, it had the opposite effect of Jacks. Getting up from the stool, Will walked around the island, grabbing Hannibal by the apron tied around his waist, and pulled him in for a kiss. Their mouths crashing together.

“Will…” Hannibal said, between kisses. His hands were either side of Will, still slick and dirty from handling the fish. He hated not being able to touch him.

Hannibal finally managed to pull back, so he could speak. “Go upstairs, I’ll be up in a moment.” He told the brunette, pulling away to wash his hands at the sink.

Doing as he was told, Will licked his lips and quickly left the kitchen, jogging up the stairs and into the bedroom. He took a deep breath to try and calm himself down, moving his hands up to slowly start unbuttoning his shirt.

“Who said you could undress yourself?” A voice came from behind him. Will turned his head a little as Hannibal’s arms snaked around him to unbutton the shirt instead.

"Hannibal, I-;" Will was cut off as Hannibal raised a hand, pressing a finger to his lips, his other hand slowly continuing its work. His hands smelled of fresh roses. "Now now, Will. Allow me to take the lead." Will gulped, nodding slowly. Hannibal finished with his shirt, smoothly gliding it down his hanging arms, his breath hot on Will's neck. He stripped off Will's shirt, swiftly folding it up and putting it to the side as Will watched, perplexed. Hannibal shot him a smile as he did, moving back behind him, gently kissing one side of his

neck as his hands wrapped back around him, shifting to place a second kiss on the other side of his neck as his hands began working on Will's belt.

Again Hannibal pulled it off and placed it neatly beside Will's shirt, doing the same with his shoes, pants, undershirt and socks. Will made a slight noise of impatience, but said nothing to the older man, instead watching him fold the clothes neatly. Hannibal's hands began sliding back up Will's arms, lapping over his shoulders onto his chest, two fingers pushing gently against him as he guided symmetrically along Will's torso, causing him to tremble in his grasp.

“I want to take my time with you, savor every part of you and make you tremble beneath my touch. You truly look beautiful when trembling with pleasure, under me.” Hannibal said against his ear, giving it a small nip, his hands continuing to explore his body. "I'll consume all of you."

*

The next couple of days came and went in a rush and the two had spent a lot of their spare time between the sheets. Saturday morning had been no different. Will knew that this was the most important day to seduce the older man, he needed him distracted and unaware of his plans. Will didn’t let the man go until around four in the afternoon, he needed Hannibal to start preparing dinner before his main plan took action anyway.

What even was his plan? He thought to himself as he watched Hannibal dress, from where he lay in bed. The so called plan had so many holes, that he could use it to drain pasta. But he really couldn’t think of a better way, putting himself at risk of death really was the only way. That, or he could just continue on like this. He frowned at his trail of thought and slid himself from the bed, he ached all over.

Stretching, Will went into the bathroom and ran himself a bath. He was going to need it to relax the aching muscles before he tried anything else.

*

He’d soaked for an hour, his body felt a little less stiff. Dressing, he made sure he looked fairly acceptable, not that he needed to please Hannibal anymore after today. Standing by the bedroom door, he made sure that he could hear Hannibal in the kitchen before closing it slightly and taking his phone from his pocket.

“Will…” Jack said, by the sound of his voice, he’d been waiting for the call all day.

“Jack. Did you do what I told you?” Will said. He sounded so calm, It almost scared him.

“I have people on standby...Are you going to tell me what this is about?” Jack started to sound worried, Will could hear the slight wobble in his tone.

“Hannibal Lecter is the Chesapeake Ripper. I think you should dispatch your people immediately. I can only hold him back for so long.” There was a short silence, before Will spoke again. “You’ll have your evidence when you get here. He was planning on feeding you human, tonight.”

“Will, don’t do anything stupid. My people will be there soon.” Jack said, he could hear him rushing around and barking orders at people.

“Don’t worry about me. I’ll see you soon.” Before Jack could protest, Will cut the call and switched his phone off. Walking around the bed, to his side. He placed the phone onto the bed side cabinet and knelt down, fumbling under the bed to retrieve the gun from it’s hiding place.

He held it tightly in his hand, looking down at it as he continued to kneel. He could stay here and let the FBI try and catch him themselves, he knew that it would be so much easier. He frowned, slowly getting to his feet. No, he had to confront Hannibal first.

He loaded the gun, and left the box of bullets on the bed. He took his time, wandering down to the kitchen, where the calm of classical music could be heard coming from.

“How is your body, Will?” Hannibal asked, without turning to look at the man. Will made a slight face, he hated how he always knew he was there.

“They know, Hannibal.” Will said. Ignoring the question, and stepping into the kitchen. “Jack is on his way.”

At first Hannibal looked at Will, slight confusion in his eyes. And then Will saw it, the flash of danger, as the older mans eyes darkened. Hannibal said nothing, his face was as straight and unreadable as usual. Looking away from Will, he washed his hands and removed his apron. Making sure he folded it neatly and placed it onto the kitchen side.

Will swallowed hard, he had the gun in his hand, ready to bring it up and shoot the man if he had to. The silence was unsettling to him, he started to walk sideways around the kitchen, keeping his eyes on Hannibal at all times, until the island was between them.

“This is truly upsetting.” Hannibal finally spoke, breaking the silence. He looked back at Will and started to slowly walk around, toward him. “I really hoped we could have had something wonderful, I even allowed you to know me. That is something rare.”

Will raised the gun, halting Hannibal in his tracks for the moment. “Please, I would rather not use this… Not on you.” Will made a slightly pained face, letting his calm demeanor slip. “Do you know how many times I tried to back out of this, and convince myself that we could make something together. I tried to look past the things you’ve done, but I couldn’t.”

Hannibal started to move again, Will backing up the way he’d come from. “It was not me that killed Matthew Brown, in cold blood.” Hannibal simply said, smirking a little at Will as he stopped in the place he had killed Matthew.

Will felt sick, his hands started to shake as he tried to compose himself. “See, Will. We’re not so different. You killed someone, who was being extremely rude, and then allowed me to dispose of the body.” Hannibal stared at him intently. “And of course, you lied to your good friend, Jack Crawford and continued with life. You even ate parts of your victim.”

Will could feel it, he was going to be sick. He backed up as far as he could, facing Hannibal across the kitchen. He still had the gun raised, though his hands were shaking almost violently. Taking this as a chance, Hannibal rushed at Will.

His finger on the trigger, Will pulled it, catching the man in the shoulder before he collided, knocking the gun from Will’s hand and pinning him against the wall. The smell of blood filled his nose, from where he had shot the older man.

“I need to work on my aim.” He said, breathing a little heavier than before. His eyes moving up to meet Hannibals’.

Hannibal didn’t answer, he instead grabbed Will’s jaw. “I’m sorry, Will. I hope you can forgive me as I’ve forgiven you.” He leant in and started to kiss the brunette. Will kissed back, bracing himself as Hannibal started to cut his lower abdomen open, crying out loudly into the mans mouth.

Once he was done, Hannibal stepped back. Letting the brunette slide to the floor, whimpering and gasping as he bled out profusely. Nothing more was said between them, Hannibal turned away, laying the blade he’d used, onto the kitchen surface.

Regardless of the pain and bleeding, Will forced himself to fall to the side, and stretched his hand out. He grabbed for the gun, his consciousness starting to waver. Feeling his grip tighten around the pistol, he pointed it toward Hannibal, everything was unfocused and his hold was weak.

Pulling the trigger he let his arm fall, only managing to see Hannibal fall to the ground before blacking out.

*

Jack and Will sat in silence, he’d told Jack everything, though he had of course left out that he was the one that really killed Matthew Brown. He was sure Hannibal wouldn’t share that with anyone. Jack stopped the recorder and put it back into his pocket.

“I hope you’re aware that I have to show several people this. Though I think no charges will be brought against you in any way. I think the bureau can overlook the use of an illegal weapon.” Jack said, picking up his hat and putting it on. “I will come and see you again soon, and see what I can do about your request.”

Will smiled at him gratefully, he knew Jack was a good man and would be true to his word. “Thank you, Jack…” He said softly, almost a whisper as he watched the agent leave. Looking

up at the white ceiling, he sighed. Why had he asked for such a request? He had nothing to say to Hannibal.

‘Maybe I just want to see if he’s ok, with my own eyes.’ Will thought to himself and closed his eyes. The interview mixed with the cocktail of drugs they were giving him, had made him extremely tired.

*

SIX MONTHS LATER.

“I’ll be waiting for you here.” Jack patted his shoulder and watched as a guard led Will from the dank waiting room. Will followed, straightening out his plaid shirt, he felt like he should have worn something smarter. He was seeing Hannibal after all. Will smiled to himself, he could imagine the look of disapproval in the mans eyes when he saw what Will was wearing.

He frowned a little, after what seemed like five minutes of walking. “He’s this deep into the building?” Will asked.

“He’s in the wing we home our most dangerous criminals.” The guard answered, opening yet another iron gate for Will to walk through. That had been the sixth. “So how come a normal person like you, is visiting Hannibal The Cannibal?” The guard asked over his shoulder. Earning a deeper frown from Will.

“I should think that’s none of your business.” He retorted, the mans blatant rudeness annoyed Will.

Finally reaching the wing, he was asked to wait at the gate while the guard, whose name, Will had long forgotten, walked down to the cell Hannibal was being kept in to inform him of a visitor.

Will watched as a chair was unfolded and placed far away from the cell, almost against the wall opposite. He walked down to it, when he was finally motioned by the guard.

“Will.” Hannibal said, watching as the brunette pulled the chair a little closer, ignoring the disapproving looks from the guard. “And what do I owe the pleasure of seeing you?”

Will finally seated himself, looking through the clear wall between them. “I can’t visit my friend now?” Will asked, tilting his head a little in an attempt to look innocent. He noted how bland and unfitting the hospital inmate clothes looked on Hannibal, his hair was even flopped over his forehead and not combed into the usual style.

Hannibal said nothing in reply, he continued to study Will instead. “I quit my job at the TV station.” Will said, breaking the silence. He crossed his legs, studying Hannibal back just as intently.

“Oh?” Hannibal answered, mimicking Will and crossing his legs, resting his hands on his knee. “They’ve lost one of their best workers, I’m sure they’ll feel the loss.”

“The FBI want me to finish my education, so they can train and hire me.” Will said, smiling at Hannibal. “I haven’t said yes, but I haven’t said no. What do you think I should do?”

Hannibal raised an eyebrow at the question. “Are you asking for my opinion?” Hannibal ran a thumb over his bottom lip and thought for a moment. “What you chose is entirely up to you, but, you caught me, did you not?”

“Is that your answer?” Will said, still smiling. “So you’re telling me I should do just that and join the FBI.”

“I am not telling you to do anything, Will. You of all people should know how much I love that mind of yours.”

Wills smile faltered slightly, the minor sadness in his heart started to bubble and grow. “Yes, I do. I think it could be good for me, I might even learn to shoot straight...” He earnt a small, amused smile from Hannibal. He’d heard that he’d managed to shoot the other man in the hip.

He stood, and looked Hannibal in the eyes. “I just wanted to share my news with you. I hope we can speak again soon.”

He looked away, and started to walk back toward the guard that waited for him. “Oh, and Hannibal.” Will stopped, just out of sight from the cell. “I forgive you.”

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